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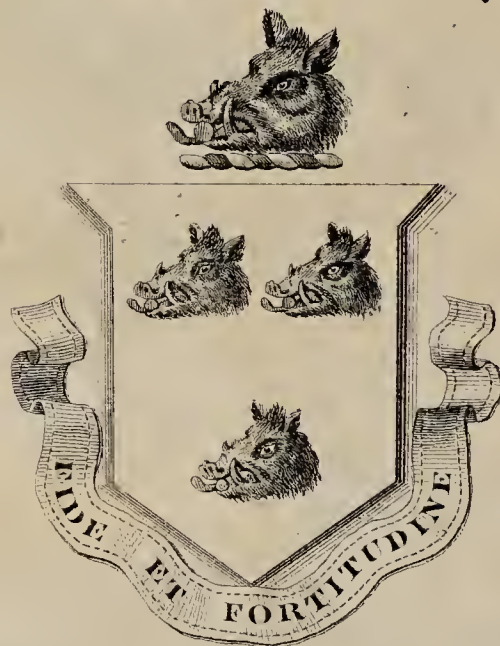
Accessions

149.609

Shelf No.

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Received. May, 1873.

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514 Jones (John) Adrasta, or the Woman's Spleene, and Love's *Sophistry, May 21.*
Conquest, a tragi-comedie 1635 *1857.*

ADRASTA:
OR,
THE WOMANS
SPLEENE,
And
LOVES CONQUEST.

A Tragi-comedie.

By John Jones.

Never Acted.

Horat.

*Volet hæc sub luce videri,
Iudicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold at his
Shop in Ivie-lane, next to the Exchequer Office.

1635.

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May, 1878


TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE.
THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFULL:

And others

His Friends and Musophilus:

EUGENIUS

wishesth Pierian love, benevolent aspect,
and candid Censure.

AVING long since (honour'd Gentlemen, and friends) finish'd this Play, and fitted it for the Stage, I intended to have had there the Promethean fire of Action infus'd into it: being thereto encourag'd by the generall good liking and content, which many of you vouchsaf'd to receive in the hearing of it; which way it never yet miscarried, but still had all that the eare could give it: and with whom some prime wits of both the Universities, and those that were learned in this facultie (competent Iudges enough) have in their free and open Censures unanimously accorded. This I say was encouragement enough for me to prefer this little Gloweworme (which I had, as yet, only fostred and kept warme with mine owne breath) to the Stage, and to bring it into that Noble nursery of Action, where Dramatick Poëms usually and rightly take their Degrees of applause from them that can best judge, the Spectators; that, as it had been before only demissa per aurem, it might be now at length Oculis subjecta fidelibus. But the Players,

THE EPISTLE

upon a slight and halfe view of it, refus'd to doe it that right; The reason I well know not; unlesse perhaps it had not in it so much Witchcraft in Poëtry, as, now it is known, the Stage will beare. Be what will, it hath again been under the file since they saw it: and now by the earnest impulse of some particular friends, necessity concurring, my selfe also willing to avoid further trouble and care for it, that it might not hinder the conception of things more worthy your eare and sight; I was, unwillingly, forc'd to publish it to the World; where being freely exposed to all censures, I doubt not but many a dogg-tooth'd Cynick will have a snap at it: Bt I know already they will not be worth my anger, and therefore should be loath to spend any part of my Title upon them; only I wish them to note this saying well:

Anothers work to reprehend
How easie tis? how hard to mend?

In the mean time. I doe submit it wholly to the learned judgements of you all (Gentlemen) for whose delight it was conceived and written; To you doe I repaire both for defence and candor: hoping that you will vindicate this harmelesse piece from the rash censures of malevolent and unskilfull Iudges, whilst I take leave to say;

Ambu-
barum
Collegii
Alumni.

————— * Demetri teq; Tigelli;
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

What tho it was never acted? I hold the deep and solide eare a more faithfull messenger to the understanding, than the eye: Grave Auditors are still welcomer to the Muses, than light Spectators: such I meane as applaud only of toyes and bables (Poscentes Vestro multum diversa palato) are like Americans meerey taken with bells, rattles, and Hobby-horses,

DEDICATORIE.

horses, not relishing the perfection of nature nor solid Art, though Industry labour to feed them with both at once. But this excuse is left for them: Invincible Ignorance satisfies before God and man. This hope remains to us, Non omnes eadem mirantur amantq;. What though it never took the Degree of the Stage? I presume you are all Learned (Gentlemen) and know better how to judge by the eare, than by the eye, though both may exercise their functions here: As well a foole as a good Physitian may come from Padua: & an Ass may graduate himself at Athens. Wherefore now (Gentlemen) if you be lovers of the Muses (and such I would have you all) I need not then doubt of your benevolent aspects, which will soon beget a candid censure. I make but one Musophilus of you all, to whom (as it were) Uno in multis, I dedicate my endeavours bestowed upon this Poëm, hoping to find in you all, severally, that fundamentall similitude and common Ration in your loves to Learning, by which you may easily retribute that recompence to these Labours, which the Stage deny'd

Your true Honorer,

JOHN JONES Eugen.

The Actors names.

PROLOGVE.

Cosmo a Duke.

Adraſta his Duchesse.

Lucilio their Sonne.

Lady Julia a widdow.

Althea her daughter.

Antonio a Courtier and friend to Lucilio.

Camilla } the Lady Julia's women.

Fioretta }

Rigazzo a Page to Lucilio.

Alaſtor a villaine but a Coward.

Aſſaſſino a Blade or desperate fellow.

Micale a Witch.

Sarvia her daughter.

Navarchus a Maſter of a Ship.

One Mariner or Ship-man.

M^r Frailware a Grocer and Conſtable.

Miſtris Ambroſia Frailware his wife.

Debora her maid.

M^r Damasippus a lecherous Stoike.

Miſtris Abigail his wife.

Damon } two Shepheards.

Arminio }

Laurinda a Shepherdeſſe.

A meſſenger.

EPILOGVE.

The Scene Florence.

A

A little before the Prologue comes forth, enters one of the Actors and sits downe on the Stage as a stranger, awhile after enters the Prologue and stumbles at his legs.

Gent.

HOW now Prologue! is your mind so much on your part, that you must run over men as you goe?

Prolog. The fault was yours sir, that would so carelesly sit in his way, that was to doe his part by you; tho we hope to run over some before we have ended; and yet without any Cynicall observation, especially of the wise.

Gent. Why for *Iuvenal's* sake? what has thy new turn'd Poetry vented? will you raile? will you be satiricall, and bite? and rub the City with salt?

Prolog. Faith sir you must know, that the giddy loosenes of vicious humors, does so rankle in most parts of our time's imposthum'd gallantry, that tis a hard thing *Satyram non scribe-re*: and therefore we are desirous to launce it a little, and give the fore an issue, that vanity seeing the foulness of the matter which made it swell to such a seeming greatnesse, may loathe it selfe, and seeke a cure for the disease.

Gent. Doe yoe heare Prologue! your Author is a foole; is he desirous to buy Fame at such a rate, that he wil smart for't? will not examples move him? can he not live private, but he must be meddling with *Tigellinus*? Did he never heare of the Proverb, that it's better railing at *Hercules* then at a Clowne to his face? I prethee tell him of it, and let him know, tis better live still private and unknowne, then have our smarts to ev'ry eare be blowne.

Prolog. Troth it is true sir, Ile put him in mind of it.

Gent. I prithee doe, and tell him withall, that so choise an Audience desires not to glut their eares with others infamie, nor ever wish'd their mirth should feed upon the ranke distemperature of other mens vices; but come to behold a Scene merry and harmelesse, as free from sower invectives, as fulsome bawdery: as for those whose dull palats can relish nothing.

nothing, unlesse it be sawced with the verjuice of a tarte pen;
be hostile enemies to their pishes and meawings, and scorne
to beg or buy a reconciling; their defects make them des-
perate, and their envy cannot blast an unbeholding wit: to the
candor of the rest, any mirth will be more pleasing than rail-
ing: some harmelesse and innocent humour, that may passe
with allowance of the times, will be welcomer to them, and
safer to you.

Prol. Sir, in our Authors name I thanke you: and would
you but please to speake with him your selfe——

Gent. I will presently, and dissuade his intention, and yet
I doubt not but to give sufficient contentation to his *Auditors*,
whose patience I feare I have wrong'd by interrupting their
Prologue. *exit.*

Prol. I should have opened the Argument of our *Play*,
but stumbling on this stranger, makes me doubtfull what wee
shall have —— howsoever ——

Prologue.

The selfe distrust that guides his bashfull pen
Wills him intreat your patience, and if then
This slight worke please you, time more purely spent
Shall once more sweat to better your content:
Lighter defects a serious Muse amends;
And slight beginnings have some perfect ends.

The

12

THE VVOMANS SPLEENE, AND LOVES CONQUEST: A Tragi-Comedie.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

Enter Antonio and Rigazzo the Page.

Page.



Ignior Antonio, pray how did you like the Maske wee had here to night, for my Lord *Lucilio's benvenuto*?

Anto. Well of a wooden one, set forth by a Dancer and an Architect, as the fashion is.

Page. Alas *Signior*, there must bee something to prolong and strengthen these devices, when Poëts, in favour of the ignorant, are faine to leave 'hem so short winded, and almost speechlesse.

Anto. So fir; But now tell mee *Rigazzo*, what have you learn'd all this time you have beene with your Lord at the Vniuersitie?

Page. More than I can reckon *Signior*, and yet I have the Art of memorie to help me.

Anto. As what fir?

Page. I can name you all the Alehouses and Tavernes in *Athens*, and most part of the Bawdy-houses; marry to know them all, onely Night, that has beene some scores of yeares acquainted with 'hem, and the Devill that gathers their rents, could teach me: and indeed I was too young to be their scholler, else I might have beene a better proficient in them too.

Anto. I thinke fir your time was spent in such studies.

Page. No, not all *Signior*, I can steale as desperately as a Pursuant; fiddle the Geese, Ducks, Hens, Lambs, and Calves, five miles round

f: m: 6: 2: c:

B

round by booke; and cover the matter as smoothly as your Citizen does his perjury, and your Stoick his Lecherie: for I had most sober Graduates for my Tutors in all.

Anto. 'Twas pittie your Rogueship had not proceeded Master of Art in the facultie of theeving.

Page. It's no matter *Signior* for theeves to proceed Masters of Art, when so many Masters of Art doe proceed theeves, and that's the least conversion, you know *Signior*.

Anto. Are you so nimble at your Logick sir?

Page. As a hungry Scholler at a Henroost.

Anto. Take heed you labour not your selfe out o'breath, your learning's but short winded.

Page. Long enough to runne with a Stoick, *Signior*. I may bee able to reade moralitie, get me some night-geere, and a red Nose, and then I am most illustriously compleate.

Anto. Away, the Duke.

Sound Cornets or Hoboyes.

Enter Cosmo the Duke, Adrasta his Duchesse, Lucilio their Sonne, Lady Iulia, Althea, &c.

Duke. Thus hath our cost and best invention sweat
To seale your welcome from th' *Athenean* Schooles;
And trust me sonne, your thanks are much in debt
Vnto these Ladies, whose too prodigall loves
Have search'd for jewels, thus to doe you grace.

Lucil. My Lord, I doe acknowledge it a debt
As to their loves: Onely your Princely care
To grace our new returne hath so surpass'd
The former expectation we conceiv'd,
That I am forc'd now to confesse I live
A desperate bankrupt to your royall favours.

Duke. Your good deserts may soone requite our loves;
But tell us, How does learning flourish now
In *Athens*?

Lucil. Iust as Vertue at the Court;
For with the times affecting ignorance
'T has banish'd true industrious labour thence;
And vicious loosnesse finding none resist,
Has so ingros'd the most refined wits,

And

Loves Conquest.

3

And by the terrours of her sensuall threats,
Bred such deluding Crocodiles in their braines,
That like the thirsty swift Egyptian dogges,
They scarcely taste of those faire seven-fold streames,
Into whose depth their industrie should dive :
And having onely got a seeming face
Of superficial knowledge, 'mongst the grosse
And beast-like sense-conceiving multitude,
They most ambitiously seeke and pursue
Vulgar applause for their poore out-side skill,
And by such mudwall stayres doe often rise
Up to the top of abus'd dignities.

Duke. How can deserving vertue flourish then,
If sacred learning be so sleightly sought ?

Lucil. As twinn-borne sisters, both doe share alike
Their equall portions in the worlds esteeme,
For in those hallow'd places, which a true
And carefull liberalitie did consecrate
As pure religious shrines to god-like Skill,
Where Vertue richly invested with her best
And precious ornaments, might give a full
And glorious lustre like a noone-tide Sunne;
There ugly Vice, even in the basest formes,
Climing by steps of Art up to the height
Of horror, standeth in a *precipiti*,
And thrust but one step farther, with her fall
Will crush her selfe, and overwhelm the world.
Duke. To grieve at this, were in these senselesse times
To become monstrous; and to feele no grieve,
Were to be senselesse with the times themselves.

Lucilio courts Althea Aside

Duch. Observe him good my Lord, and let your eye
Be jealous now —

Duke. Have patience good *Adrasta*,
We strive in vaine to bandy with loves power
And unresisted Charter of the gods,
Which time and absence ne'r could violate.

Alth. — As is your soule. *aside.*

Lucil. O be prodigious then!

Althea to Lucilio

And in despite of custome let the world
 See that it's possible a womans minde
 Can rest in one : you must be valiant too,
 And dare th'affrighting dangers that we meet,
 I feare we have swelling passages to wade,
 For we must feele amidst a world of evils,
 A womans Spleene, worse than the worst of devils.

Duke. Now Lady *Julia* let this cōfirme your welcome,
 And yours *Althea* : trust me I could wish
 The season so dispos'd, since that our sonnes
 Happy and safe returne has made us glad,
 That we might dedicate a longer time
 To harmlesse mirth : but now the night growes old,
 And we shall wrong your patience too too much.

Exeunt all but the Duchesse and Lucilio.

Duch. Must it be so ? Have all those lavish signes
 Of undeserved favours heapt on you
 By your too carefull father, and our self,
 Been spurres to your contempt ? Or could the sweets
 Of our affection prodigally cast,
 Make you not relish what your duty owes ?
 Else did you thinke because they alwayes ranne
 In such an uncheckt current to your will,
 That no ingratitude could make the ebbe ?
 O impious times ! wherein a parents care,
 When shee has combated the pangs of death
 To give her children life ; stood all her time
 Like to a carefull Centinell for their youth,
 And spent the nights in pensive watchfulnesse,
 (Forcing soft nature to forbear her rest)
 To plott their good ; must all be frustrated ?
 And by a childs proud will see all things crost ?
 Their Parents hopes, and their owne fortunes lost ?
 How hath our love to thee ? our wishes toyl'd
 To build thy passage to a higher spheare,
 And by some noble match to raise thy House,
 And must thy base attempts looke downeward still ?
 Mongrell our blood ? and set a lasting scarre
 Upon our progeny, by fixing thus

Thy

Thy stubborne passions on base *Julia's* childe ?

Luci. Madam, not to yeeld what Nature makes us owe,
Were to bee made lesse reas'nable than beasts;
And nothing's more against a generous minde,
And freeborne spirit, than foule Ingratitude :
Yet must your Grace remember that we take
Nor all from Parents : the hand of heaven and Fate
Does by the last infusion of the soule
Give the rich forme, and by a seeret tract,
And unavoyded path, leads us to what
Seemes good to it; and though our mindes be free
In this impulse, wee love by Destinie.

I must confesse I love; nor was the flame
Of my affection, when it kindled first,
Like to a paper fire, that with a blaze
Of lust, begins and ends at once, and leaves
Nought but black infamie behinde : nor can
The least dishonour staine our Dukedomes title
From her, whose Blood stands firme by long descents,
Even in the heart of unbought noblenesse,
Whose Reputation's sound, Revenues faire,
Beauty able to enrich a Dukedome, and deserts
To be an Empresse. Were then our fortunes rais'd
By those high steps to which I should aspire
To joyne with greatnesse, I must joyne with vice,
For they are oft observ'd to joyne their hands,
And he not stoops that stayer where Vertue stands.

Duch. Has *Athens* taught you bee an Oratour ?
Degenerous boy, Ile coole your vertuous flame,
And make thee rue the basenesse of thy choise.

Exit.

Lucil. How deepe a conflict doe my thoughts indure
Twixt Love and Dutie ! Wert not a mothers tongue
That wrong'd thy worth *Althea*, I would have torne it
From out th'injurious throat in thy revenge,
And held it to their eyes, to let them see
How it had wrong'd it selfe by wronging thee.

Exit.

Enter Mistris Frailware and the Page.

Mistris Frail. By my troth I am glad to see thee well my little
Gallow-clapper; how hast thou done this many a day ? ha !

Page.

Page. Faith prettily well Mistris *Fraileware*, as a man of my profession might; I had all the chiefe trades in the City to help mee doe well.

Mistris Frail. What trades were they, thou wert too young for any occupation yet.

Page. Not above three yeares at most: but I earn'd something with working and wayting on my Lord, as Tankard-bearers, Labourers, and Servingmen doe: I stole and cozen'd, as Taylors, Shopkeepers and Cutpurses doe; I let out my Lords books, and tooke money for the use of 'hem, as the later ends of gouty Merchants doe: and yet for all this I was forc'd (as many of you Citizens are) to goe many times to bed with a hungry conscience.

Mistris Frail. You'll never leave your crackery, but tell mee prethee firrha, is *Athens* a fine Towne? What be these Colleges like? didst thou goe to schoole there?

Page. O, an excellent place for a woman that will use trading: You shall have the Schollers lie at your sweet Frailes night and day; they bee forc'd to sweeten their disputations with Grocers reasons: and custome could not but make your husband one of the head men of the City presently.

Mistris Frail. Now by my troth I thinke it were a very good place for a stale shopkeepers wife of the City to set up in: o'my conscience, a woman of our occupation might thrive there.

Page. I, and she were down never so low, the schollers would doe it—and how does Master *Damasippus the lecturing Stoick*? When was he here?

Mistris Frail. Dost remember him? let me see—o'my honesty, I never saw him since his last morall Lecture against the sinnes of the flesh—yes heaven forgive me to sweare, now I remember me, the same day my husband went a duck-hunting; and then he came hither, and brought mee many good things: wilt thou goe to him againe sometimes for mee? Ile give thee some figges and Tobacco.

Page. Yours to command; Ile smoake in your businesse then i'faith.

Mistris Frail. Prethee come to me when my husband is out of the shoppe. *exit.*

Page. Adieu the two desiring sinnes of the City, Avarice and Lechery: if I doe not meet with your morall venery, would I might

Loves Conquest.

7

might goe lowlie, and have but three pence to play with this moneth.

Exit Page.

Enter Duchesse and Alastor.

Duch. Come good *Alastor* ! be but secret now,
And I shall live indear'd unto thy faith;
The matter much imports us; and in case
That my rewards should dye with me, the State
Will one day thanke thee for't. I have his scale,
His hand and stile exactly counterfeit:
Then heare thy charge; Thou must this evening haste
Covertly to the Lady *Julia's* house——
But canst bee secret?

Alast. As your owne thoughts Madam,
I can stick as close to any peece of villany
As a Punk to a Farmers sonne new gentiliz'd;
And when besides so many good angels tempt,
They are enough—to make a woman keepe counsell.

Duch. Well then; make meanes to speake there with *Althea*,
Tell her thou com'st from Lord *Lucilio*,
Who in important businesse has imployed thee;
I know shee'll take thy message privately:
Deliver her this letter; seeme that *Lucilio*
Has none but thee on whom he can relie
In this so dangerous an enterprise:
Shee upon this will bee more free and open
To the designe: then marke her, good *Alastor*!
Observe each word and gesture that shee uses;
If thou canst wring a looke that may discover
But a consenting thought, it will suffice:
For when offending lives withstand our will,
Wee must seeme good, though we determine ill. *exit.*

Alast. Here's a villanous pitfall to stifle a poore wench in; who
can bee a beggar, now, that's not afraid to bee damn'd: well,
I can no more tell how to thrive without doing villany, than
greatnesse can without doing injury. Pretty peece of man's flesh!
my heart will leap when I see thee come off the Rock like a Mag-
Pie; and I shall wish, for thy sake, that nature had made women
a litle lighter, all of feathers, that they might have taken hurt by

no.

no manner of falling : but pitty is a thing clean out of fashion, and
the high way to irreparable Beggary; He none of it. *exit.*

Enter Lucilio, Antonio, Page.

Anto. Nay good my Lord yeeld not your self so much
To these unseason'd Passions, that doe sit
Like midnight on your thoughts; me thinks the ayre
Of *Athens* should have purg'd these humours quite:
In troth, my Lord, the world will condemne you,

Lucil. Of what *Antonio*?

Anto. Why of melancholy,
Which some define is weaknesse in a Lord,
And in a Lady pride or fullennesse,
But in a wise man 'tis flatt foolery.

Lucil. Prethee forbear *Antonio*; let me in silence
Vent out the cares that overwhelm my soule;
Thou know'st how deep an angry mothers spleene
Wounds the soft love that I am forc'd to beare
To my *Altheas* vertues. How can I chuse
But weep away my youth, when I remember
The dreadfull oppositions which my soule
Hath formerly sustain'd for her; the cares
That have out-runne my yeares, and like to corsives
Have eate into my flesh, there seiz'd upon
All faculties of life, and spread their venome
Through every veine and sinew of my heart?

Anto. 'Tis your owne fault, that thus will spend your selfe
In such extreames of passion, that encrease
The number of your griefes above your spirit;
Faith 'tis unmanly done; call you this love?

Lucil. *Antonio*, thou mistak'st the name of love
In thy *Lucilio*, if thou conceiv'st it dull
And sprightlesse melancholy, whose corroding humour
Feeds on the faint dejection of a minde
That dares not meet an apprehensive thought
Of least misfortune, but it basely yeelds:
I have held up, thou knowest, against all plots
A womans wit could manage or invent,

Loves Conquest.

9

Or cause the Duke my father countenance
To blow out the chaste flame of my affection,
Have laid my brest open to envy's spight,
And suffer'd even to banishment it selfe;
If I may tearm't a banishment from her
Who is all things to me, divine *Althea*,
Life, Countrey, fortune; all that this world calls happy.

Anto. Strange Symptomes of affection!

Lucilio, Say, *Antonio*,

Was it not Banishment? that even when *Love*
Had licens'd us in heav'n, and meant to send
Himen to earth in white and Priestly robes
To joyne our hands, as *Cupid* had our hearts;
Then to be taken hoodwinkt from my hopes,
And sent in haste from Court, just in the harvest
Of my desires, to combat with the Arts,
The aire and clime of *Athens*, whil'st the Sunne
Trebled his course to the Coelestiall Ramme.

Anto. Yet know my Lord that your indulgent Parents
Out of their Princely care intended it
But as a course of Physick, to recover
Your love-sick thoughts, hoping that Time & Absence,
Joyn'd with the precepts of Philosophy
Might purge you to a remissnesse of affection,
And by degrees conquer this mouldy passion.

Lucil. All which supposed remedies deare friend,
Set the disease a working, much lesse cure it:
True love, *Antonio*, is immutable,
A divine Charter of affection
Confirm'd in heav'n, and can by no prescripe
Of Art or Nature ever be restrain'd.

————— *Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis,*

————— *Nec prosunt Artes.*

Anto. Yet since in vaine you strive
To bandy with a mother, me thinkes Love
Tir'd in the depth of woe, should call your Reason
To a new choise fitting your Birth and Fortunes.

Lucil. Call woes to woes, I am resolv'd to trie
The worst of spleene: and since her vertuous thoughts

C

Have

Have daign'd to meet affection, that on wings
Of true borne faith hath rais'd it selfe, to claspe
With her deserts, the most austereſt tempeſt
Envy can ſhowre upon our innocent loves,
Shall ne'r diſ-joyne us.

Anto. I have done my Lord.

Lucil. Then prethee *Antonio*, let me in peace retire,
I feele ſome ſtrange events lie at my heart
My thoughts cannot preſage : I feare, my friend,
I have but dream'd as yet, but now mine eyes
Muſt wake to meet true ſolid miſeries.

Exit. Lucilio.

Anto. To ſee how ſtrong love is, and the command
It has o'r humane hearts ! Poore Lord, I know
Thy true-borne griefes are firme, and that chaſt faith
Never conceiv'd to wave with floating likenesse,
Makes thee thus ſinke into the depth of ſorrow.

Page. Nay, good *Signior* follow him, put him out of the humour, or elſe he will turne madman ſhortly.

Anto. Why fir ?

Page. Becauſe he thats firſt a Scholler, next in love; the yeare after, is either an arrant foole or a ſtarke madman.

Anto. How came your knavery by ſuch experience ?

Page. As fooles doe by newes, ſome body told me ſo, and I beleeve it. But in good earneſt I had forgot to tell my Lord of the meſſage he ſent me in.

Anto. Whither in the name of *Mercury* was that ?

Page. To ſee how the Lady *Donna Fiozza* did.

Anto. Oh ! how does her beauteous Ladſhip ?

Page. Sick, terrible ſick.

Anto. Phyſick defend ! prethee of what diſeaſe ?

Page. Yeſterday her Monkey had a fall off the ſide table, and ever ſince ſhe has had a ſtrange fit of an ague.

Anto. How does her Lord ?

Page. Faith not well neither, and therefore he begins to be moſt ſparingly vertuous.

Anto. The pox he does.

Page. On my fidelitie you are the foule mouth'd gallant that ever wore Cloves in's Gummes : you ſay an Italian Count has the pox.

Anto.

Loves Conquest.

3

Anto. Your neater word good *Galateo*!

Page. By this light you Courtiers bee the dullest creatures living; you learne nothing but flattery and begging. You must know fir in a Noblemen 'tis abusive; no; in him the *Sarpigo*; in a Knight the *Grincomes*; in a Gentleman the *Neopolitan* scabb; and in a Servingman or Artificer the plaine Pox: Iust as your saying goes, that Noblemen bee never drunke, but take a surfeit; Schollers bee ill at ease; and poore men onely they are drunke, yet all's but one disease: There's an old rime for you: adieu *Signior*, I must to my Lord.

Anto. Farewell hedge-pike.

Exeunt.

Enter Althea and Alastor.

Alth. Did my Lord so farre impart the businesse to your selfe?

Alast. He did, and does intend to use my help alone in effecting of his project.

She gives him a letter and money.

Alth. I prethee returne him this answer, and bee silent.

Alast. Sweet villany, thou art the thrivingst trade under heaven.

Exit.

Alth. Warme blood assist me! how has wonder seiz'd

The frozen passages that slowly guide

My shivering spirits up to the seat of life!

Murder the Duke! now innocence forbid,

And let our selves be as our loves, unstain'd.

Tyrannous affection! can thy transforming power

Enforce our passions thus beyond our selves?

Rob us of nature and the sense of man?

Seize all our actions? force us to forget

That we are children? and with loves finger blot

Cleane from our thoughts the pietie we owe

To them that gave us life? Carry us headlong

To such a gulfe of sinne? where we must drowne

Our selves, our honour, and that secure content

A guiltlesse conscience brings to innocence!

Ah deare *Lucilio*! how are thy vertues dimm'd

In my best thoughts, that like a Chrystall mirror

Still held the shapes of thy deserving actions

Unspottedly resembl'd what spirit of night
 Has mixt it selfe with those untainted vowes
 Thy never yet ambitious soule pour'd forth
 To attend our loves? Some Angel, deare *Lucilio*,
 Descend into thy fancy to perswade thee
 By all the bands Love, Duty, Nature, Heaven;
 Can bring to binde thee in a tender feare
 Of roughly breathing on the softest ayre
 That toucheth but his safetie, to desist
 From this unnaturall act of paricide.
 Fatall experience speakes; and makes it good;
 They stand not firme that rise by steps of blood.

*exit.**Enter the Duke and Duchesse.*

Duke. Urge me no more : the white unspotted hand
 Of never trecherous justice, shall not blush
 By our imbrewing it in bleeding innocence.
 Nor shall posteritie in after times,
 Seeking examples of black tyranny,
 Finde our names registred in the Catalogue
 Of those whose deeds have given wide infamy
 Life to attend their memory, and brand it
 With shame, more durable than brasse or marble.

Duch. Yet good my Lord respect your falling State,
 Let not that watchfull eye that never slept
 In carefull pursuit of your peoples good,
 As now regardlesse of your houses Honor,
 Be dazell'd with imaginary feare
 Of meere suppos'd injustice. Shall foule mouth'd rumor
 Besprinkle our whole race with *Julia's* blood,
 And follow it into posteritie
 As a live witnesse of your loose neglect?
 Methinkes those politick rules of government
 Which you have study'd, should at last informe
 Your scrupulous conscience, making it to know,
 What oft doth seeme injustice, is not so.

Duke. Can there be more than shedding guiltlesse blood?

Duch. They highly offend that let their Countries good.

Duke

Duke. They let no good, that never did deny it.

Duch. 'Tis guilt to live when as their deaths may buy it.

Duke. But 'tis not good that's bought at such a rate.

Duch. No price is great that makes Kings fortunate.

Duke. They be not fortunate that rise by vice.

Duch. Who stays till Vertue lifts will never rise;

And therefore dearest Lord by those chaste vowes

Which first I brought unto your nuptiall bed;

By that attractive beautie which mine eyes

Once gave your youthfull thoughts to feed upon,

Preuent this mischiefe, let the strumpet die,

Whose basenesse stainses your ever princely blood,

By sitting sole Commandresse in the thoughts

Of our degenerate sonne, the onely hope

Iust heaven and nature now has left your Throne.

Let not that god of fooles, soft Conscience, then,

That seldome findes a name 'mongst perfect Statesmen,

Sway your experienc'd wisdom, but provide

Your honour live, when all your selfe have dy'd.

Duke. Death to mine eyes, I must see thee kneele,

Thy words have charm'd my soule, benumm'd my thoughts

Against the stinging touch of sharpe remorse;

I will resolve her death, nor shall she live

That stands 'twixt full content and thy desires.

But how shall swift wing'd fame, my deare *Adrafta*,

Be held from loud proclaiming our disgrace?

Policie will's some seeming cause be had

To make that good which justice knowes for bad.

Duch. Leave that to me; I have procur'd from her

A letter, whose points but chang'd transferre the sense,

This in the publike Sessions being read,

And shee acknowledging the hand and scale,

Will be a most sufficient testimony

Of traiterous attempts against your State.

And person, which the grosse multitude

Will never scanne, but confidently, hold

Her condemnation iust.

Duke. Wee'll then give order

For her attachment and imprisonment.

Meane while your selfe may with perswasive words
 Prepare *Lucilio's* minde to meet her death.
 So's justice wrong'd, and innocence must die,
 When they withstand a womans tyrannie.

aside,
exennt.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Mistris Frailware and Mistris Abigail.

Mistris Frail.

I Le ensure you 'tis true *Mistris Abigail*, my Husband was call'd from my side at midnight by the Dukes Pursivant at Armes, commanded to bring his weapon ready with him, because they would reprehend my Ladie *Julia's* daughter in her bed; nay, I am serv'd so many times in the yeare; and if it were not for a little honour wee have by being the Constables wife of the Parish, or leave to build a new Pue in the Lecture house, or meeting at the Quest-house sometimes; wee had better never bee in authoritic, than have so many hewings and cryings, such passportings; that the whole yeare while our Husbands be Magistrates, we be very widdowes, for any feeling we have of the; and if we had not their company in the day sometimes, we should cene forget wee were married: 'tis too true *Mistris Abigail*. but you have a happy turne.

Mistris Abig. Indeed *Mistris Frailware* our Husbands should not be troubled with common businesse; and Master *Damasippus* does meditate and practise his Principles by my side till nine a Clock many times. But I pray, what did you heare was the cause of my Lady *Julia's* daughters contamination?

Mistris Frail. O, why shee was in love with my young Lord *Lucilio*, and would have, God bleffe us, stabb'd the Duke with a panado, and then be marry'd where the Dutches would or no.

Mistris Abig. Now Love forfend it! How desperate be these princcock Gentlewomen when they be in love! they'll venture upon any weapons: I marvell themselves be not afraid of stabbing: I warrant you shee'll to the Rock for it.

Mistris Frail. I cannot tell that; but a friend I have in the Court was here before breake of day and told me all.

Mistris Abig. Lord *Mistris Frailware* have you any friends in the Court?

Mistris

Mistris Frail. I these seven years, *Mistris Abigail*, have I had friends there, and acquaintance too, I thanke my beautie, three yeares before I was marri'd. Ile tell you *Mistris Abigail*, these Courtiers be the finest, sweetest smelling Gentlemen that be; they will have some friends in the City now and then, for varieties sake, but they'll pick and chuse: and for mine owne part Ile ensure you, that before I was marry'd, of a browne-wench, marke what I say, to speake of a browne-wench, I was as sweet a creature as liv'd. There was a Nobleman here in *Florence*----I, there was a Knight too that would eate but little meate except----how ever it was my hap to sell figges in the Citie; Ile ensure you that my flesh was so tender, that if a fellow with a strong breath had kifs'd me, all my lips would have blister'd. I wore my silke Stoc-kins then, and my Bodkins of beaten Gold, I thanke my own wit, and had Velvet Cloakes, and Velvet Coloches come to see mee.

Mistris Abig. Doubtlesse you were one of the happiest living, to have such blessings: I would to heavens my husband, or I, might have an Office under these Courtiers, that I might have friends at Court too.

Mistris Frail. Ile ensure you *Mistris Abigail*, many of 'hem be able to doe a woman a good pleasure sometimes; and yet there be some againe that promise more than all their strength can per-forme too, when they be put to it; for alas, Courtiers doe for so many, that they cannot doe for all: for mine owne part, I have try'd 'hem, and try'd 'hem agen; and some of 'hem have stood to mee very sufficiently and friendly, when I have come to see the Masking and Beare-baiting there.

Mistris Abig. God's my pittie, is there Beare-baiting at Court? doe the Ladies love Beare-baiting?

Mistris Frail. O, abomination: they'll so shift for eorners and places to be at it, that their waiting gentlewomen can seldome come to the pastime. And how does your good husband *Master Damasippus*?

Mistris Abig. In good deed la not well: hee has beene ill at ease ever since t'other night.

Mistris Fra. Ah sweet man! he does so labour, and labour to fill us with moralitie, that hee's ee'n tyr'd out in the Citie amongst us.

Enter

Enter Master Frailware and his man with Holbeards.

Master Frail. Fie upon't : how heavy this authoritie sits upon us ! ever since midnight in the Dukes businesse ! but it stands us upō it ; 'tis for the credit of the City : we must doe more than one bare Office, or wee cannot bee good subjects. Here take in my weapon. *Exit man.*

Mistris Frail. I'faith 'tis a fine time o'day to come home at : Gods my precious, doe you thinke to leave me so still : from twelve a Clocktill I rise I must lie alone dreaming, and dreaming, sometimes that you are dead ; sometimes that I am with childe, and a lust for a thing that I cannot have ; sometimes again that you have falne downe the Stayres, and broke your back ; and such fearfull dreames that I cannot rest an houre, because I can doe nothing but dreame.

Master Frail. O, good wife ! we be for this yeare Magistrates Officers of place, men of imployment, the upholders of the Citie, the eyes of the Common-wealth : and therefore when matters of State call, wee must come with wisdome, and with severity answer our Vocation.

Mistris Frail. Focation me no Vocation : for as true as I am marry'd, if you put me in such frights by going away, and leaving mee in the darke, Ile get me a bedfellow shall stick closer to mee, so I will ; cannot you have a Deputy as well as an Alderman ? I hope you are in authority too.

Mistris Abig. O patience deare *Mistris Frailware* ! patience with your Spouse : my husband told me that patience was one of the ten morall vertues.

Mistris Frail. I *Mistris Abigail*, if a woman had such a husband as you have, that were able to put patience into a woman ; she might easily be content and have mortall vertues enough too.

Master Frail. Nay prethee Duck be quiet : when the Sessions are past wee shall have more leifure ; meane while lets in, and drinke this fury over in a cup of Canary. Come *Mistris Abigail*. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lucilio with a bagge, as if apparell were in it. Antonio.

Lucil. Let it suffice *Antonio* that thy friend
Entreats thy silence; nor let thy curious love
Question our farther projects; leave to enquire
Till time and rumour shall disclose the Plot
Of my intentions, whose unexpected end
Shall stand beyond preventions murdering sight,
And turne the edge of spleene upon it selfe :
Thus much I will impart unto thy faith;
What fits thee not to know, leave to desire.

Anto. My Lord impute it not to curiousnesse
That I have urg'd your patience to unfold
What you intend; for by the hallowed name
Of zealous friendship, which my heart retaines
Engrav'd by your deserts, 'tis only love
That makes me thus seeme jealous of your good
However would your Grace but try my faith.
By making it a partner in your ills,
Till having pass'd these stormes. and beene approv'd
Inviolably firme, it may deserve
The name of friend to which 't has long aspir'd,

Lucil. Nay, now thou complement'st and dost afflict
The tender love thy faith hath bred in me.
I tell thee friend I must not trust the ayre
'Twixt thee and mee; the nights concealing shades
Shall never hear't disclos'd : not that I feare
Thy friendly silence; but the barren plot
Of my invention, will admit but me
Into the doubtfull scene; I must alone
Finish the Act my hopelesse love began.
O my *Antonio* ! could my sorrowes poure
Into thy breast but halfe what I conceive,
What could the spleene of potent envy adde
To the vast heapes of mischief, that doe lie
Vpon my groveling fortunes, now cast downe
Beneath the base of miserie and grieve?

When I must stand like to a senselesse marble
 Frozen into a stone with strong respect
 Of filiall duty, and see *Althea* dye,
 Throwne downe by my ambitious love, that aym'd
 At her transcendent vertues. This wounds my heart,
 And puts a fire to the cold melancholy
 That hath so long possess'd my chillied spirits,
 And bids them seeke revenge, that when fraud thinks
 To seize upon the neck of innocence,
 The repercussive flammé that will result
 From their abhorred deeds, shall singe their wings,
 And make them fall as low as were their actions,
 Where they shall lye and view the ugly shapes
 Of all those mischiefs that attend oppression.
 But now conceale me friend, and be no more
 Inquisitive of the particulars,
 Report will soone divulge the scope of all:
 If absence cause inquiry after mee,
 Let fall some speeches that I am withdrawne
 To a retired privatenesse awhile,
 Vntill *Althea's* Tragedy be o'r,
 Not able to affront my ruin'd hopes.
 Nor stand Spectator at her guiltlesse death.
 So fare thee well, and if we never meete
 Remember that I liv'd and dy'd thy friend.

Anto. Doe not torment my soule, but let me share
 Those passages of danger, that oppose
 Their hideous jawes against your innocent hopes;
 For at no greater rate man fels his breath,
 Then with a friend to buy a faithfull death.

Luci. Thy words *Antonio* cannot adde an Atome
 To the full love that's harbour'd in my breast
 Of thy true reall worth: then be content,
 And leaye me, for 'tis impossible that more
 Than my unhappy selfe can bee contain'd
 Or have an Action within the narrow limits
 Of my designes.

Anto. Then thus I take my leave
 With as much feeling paine, as if my soule

Were:

Were by some violence shot from out my bowels,
Farewell my Lord, my voves and wishes guard you
From awkward Fate, whil'ft I 'twixt hope and feare
Attend the issue of these strange attempts.

Exit Antonio.

Lucil. So now *Lucilio* arme thy selfe for death,
That from thy blood she may regaine a life
And freedome, whom thy weake affection sold
To undeserved slaughter and black infamy.
Immov'd powers ! we must not aske you why
And yet methinkes I could expostulate
The reason of this mixture in the frame
Of all our Vniverse ! why every perfect good
Is girt with such a multitude of ils ?
Not the most sacred and puissant Throne
Of divine Iustice (whose Majestick forme
Beares a resemblance of that Power Supreme
That equals Kings and Slaves, by giving each
Deserved vengeance for their actions
Can stand secure, but all the brood of hell,
Bribes, Respects, Envy, and what e'r perverts
The strictest line of vertuous equity,
Will presse up to the Iudgement Seat, and there
Transforme the beauteous picture of the Godhead
Into the hatefull shapes of tyrannie,
Of blood and murder----But I forget my self,
And like en angry woman, chide the Heavens,
When I should doe. Fortune and stealth assist
My just adventures; and a friendly sleepe
Seise all the eyes and eares that would pursue
Our harmlesse Stratagems. This is the window,
If my directions faile not, that does imprison her,
Whom Vertue, Nature, and the mild aspect
Of all the Constellations sweate to make
A free-borne Empresse —

*He throwes a stone up to the
window; Althea looks out.*

Alth. Whose that ?

Lucil. Lucilio.

The Womans Spleene, and

Alth. O my deare Lord!

Lucil. How fares my *Althea*?

Alth. As one that lives but in the armes of death,
And like a frost-kill'd worme is halfe reviv'd
By your faire presence, whose desired sight
Makes a warme blood post through my trembling veins:
To tell my heart this newes, that ere I die
I once shall speake to you: But I must chide
Youe Grace my Lord, that would so staine your love
With foulest spots of blood.

Lucil. Blood to their soules that thought it, for by
The ne'r appaled heart of innocence,
The new-borne babes first smiles were ne'r more chaste
Then was my breast frō thoughts of murder. O *Althea*!
What will a woman loath, that's all possesse
With wrath, and has the killing voyce of Iustice
Tun'd to pronounce her mercilesse revenge?
The sword by her steel'd conscience edg'd to slaughter,
And undefended lives to worke upon?

Alth. It was your seale and hand that did perswade
Me to the murder, but my selfe return'd
Disswasive arguments to beate you from't.

Lucil. It was my seale, which by my mothers charge
'Tis thought the Page stole out, without suspect,
As I conceive, of mischief; all the rest
Was meerly counterfeit. But bee advis'd,
And I will choake the hungry throat of Treason,
That gapes for blood, with such a working pill,
As it shall loath to swallow, and vomit up
Their bloody plots in sick repentance.

Alth. No my dearest Lord, let me in contentment die;
Since you are innocent, and in my Tombe
Bury your danger, that have thus long sate
A heavy burden to your happinesse.

Lucil. Long maist thou live untill the gods, *Althea*,
Shall summon thee from hence to make a starre,
And grant Commission to the winged Post
Of heaven, to steale away thy soule in sleepe:
That Divine mould was not ordain'd to suffer

A painfull shipwrack in thy lifes departure.

Alth. 'Twill sweeten much the bitterst throes of death
When I shall thinke my labouring soule does worke
For my *Lucilio's* rest : then let my guiltlesse Ghost.
Securely passe up to the fields of peace,
For I am weary and would gladly die.

Lucil. Vрге it no more, the very sound of death
Wish'd to thy innocence, comes like a clappe
Of armed thunder to mine eares, and thou
Shalt live, though I should search the utmost tortures
Tyrannie did ere invent, to find a death
Might ransom thee: and therefore if thy love
Does yet respect *Lucilios* constancy,
Resolve and second mee : Dispute no more;
But make some meanes to let me downe a line,
That I may fasten this disguise unto it.

*She lets downe a line, to which
he fastens the disguise.*

There draw it up, and put it on with speed,
Suspitions eye dogs every step I tread.

*She drawes up the bagge, and
while she is cloathing.*

How strong is sad affliction on my State!
When I must steale a death, and thinke me blest if none
Doe interrupt my passage to destruction.
Oh that the paths of Fate so strange and invious
Should lead us into life, and through a Maze
Of chances, bring us to such unpassable periods,
That we must leape the bankes, and give our breath
To shunne the ills that doe incounter us.
Come, have you yet dispatch'd?

Alth. I have my Lord; but what of this?

Lucil. Then once more lend your line.

*Having againe lit downe the Line,
she drawes up a Ladder of Cords.*

Fasten those Hookes to your window, and come downe.

*Shee fastens the Hookes above, he below:
And then coming downe he receives her.*

A more troublesome descent then from the Rock,
 But your fall gentler. So: Now flie *Althea*,
 And live as happy as my unhappy love
 Had made thee miserable : time may bee
 More friendly to thee, and beget some meanes
 That thou maist one day sit amidst thy friends---
 Nay, doe not weep *Althea*; thou shalt see
 This will worke both our freedomes; and if I die,
 My silent Ghost shall in the pleasingst formes
 At mid-noon dayes come oft to visit thee.
 Farewell——*They kisse, and he offers to goe up.*

Alth. What meanes your Grace ?

Lucil. To out-runne trechery, and winne a Goale
 That shall enrich my name, make envy swell,
 And drowne her selfe in overflowing Gall.

Alth. Ile meet the ugliest shapes that ever Death
 Appear'd to Nature in, before Ile leave
 Your Grace expos'd to danger for my life.

Lucil. No more, for I have vow'd what I intend,
 And if thou dost withstand it, to make this houre
 The last of breathing to mee : therefore be gone;
 Ile lie at Stake my selfe, that you may steere
 No interrupted course; and since the law
 Gives Virgins leave to pleade and die conceal'd,
 I with this Scarfe here will bee your Attorney :
 Hasten your flight, least mischief finde you slow,
 Wee shall both fare the better. At the Parks end
 By a Fount that riseth from the Chaulky Banke,
Camilla stayes with your *Viaticum* :
 Shee'll be thy partner in thy banishment.
 Once more farewell; and, if I die, for ever.

Alth. And if you die I shall not long out-live you.

He goes up into the window.

In what a sad dilemma stands my soule
 In this divulsion betweene love and danger!
 Yet blesse mine eyes once more with sight of you,

Lucil. Farewell *Althea*. *Alth.* Dearest Lord farewell.

Lucil. Againe farewell *Althea* ! all the favours

Of Guardian Angels, and mild'st influences
Propitious Heaven retaines, waite on thy sufferings. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alastor and another Servant setting the
Barre, and laying Cushions.*

Alast. Come dispatch, the Duke's at hand.

Serv. I wonder he sits himsele in judgement to day.

Alast. The matter in question is great.

Serv. Many thinke the poore Gentlewoman is innocent.

Alast. They be fooles to say so.

Serv. Why, is't a folly to speake what they thinke ?

Alast. I, as very a folly as to be vertuous indeed : Do'st imagine I will gaine any thing but hate ?

Serv. Yet many dare pawne their lives that shee is guiltlesse.

Alast. None but such as were predestin'd never to bee great; they bee tender conscienc'd dances : they never leatn'd *Esops* Fables.

Serv. Why for that ?

Alast. Do'st not remember the tale of the Lion that banish'd all horn'd beasts from Court ?

Serv. That was a madd Lion i' faith —

Alast. That then the Foxe went away as banish'd too, because if the Lion should say his prickt eares were Hornes, what then ?

Serv. But she was thought ever vertuous and modest.

Alast. Shee would not have beene guilty so soone else : shall a swaggering wench that will take Tobacco eight and forty times in foure and twenty houres; talke bawdy as familiar as an Oyster wife; retaine seven servants with good backes, and a weake husband to keep Doggs from doore; have no priviledge above suspected vertue ?

Serv. Faith I remember when I went to Schoole, my Master vs'd to tell us a Verse or two out of a Poët --- *Et hic damnatus inani* --- *Iudicio* : I ha' forgot the Poët's name, but I remembred the Verse by another, where he instructs creatures of our faculty.

Alast. Why what does he teach us ?

Serv. Nay nothing but tells us onely, that if wee will thrive by service, we must be either close Panders, palpable flatterers, or cozening Villaines.

Alast.

Alast. A good Servingmans Tutor was that Poët I warrant him.
Exeunt.

Enter the Duke at one doore, with Antonio, Page, and other Attendants. At the other doore Lucilio in Altheas apparell, his face covered with a Scarfe, brought in by a Pursivant at Armes, Frailware and others with Holbeards, as a Prisoner to the Barre. Damasippus.

Attend. Give back there, and let the prisoner stand forth.

Duke. How did wee thinke, that when the stormes of warre
 Were with our danger, care, and cost expell'd
 From out these confines, and the warmth of peace
 Turn'd like a Spring to shine within your bounds,
 We should have fate secure? Or after all
 Those toiles, that spent our strength, dry'd up our blood,
 Hasten'd the hand of time to seize our haire,
 Before his date, and onely in pursuit
 Of your (lov'd people) safty and content;
 Our owne now fainting wearinesse of age
 Should taste that freedome which our labours bought
 In plenteous fulnesse for the poorest swaine?
 And we have clos'd the Evening of our age
 Within a fearlesse slumber? But how weake
 Are all the hopes that wretched Princes faine!
 When in the calme of peace, while wee suppose
 Our perils banish'd, and our selves ingirt
 With such impenetrable love, as we
 Embrace our people with, then stand our lives
 Expos'd to thickest dangers, which conceal'd
 Doe strike the deeper, and are warded lesse.
 Such is the miserie that followes State;
 That when we want abroad, we finde at home
 Foes to besiege our lives. The discontent
 Of some aggrieved spirits, that thinke we stand
 Twixt their desires and them; and which is worse,
 The idle passions of unbridl'd youth,

Rather

Rather than misse those hopes enflamed lust
 Has fir'd within their thoughts, will overturne
 Whole States, and climbe up to their aymed ends
 By our heap'd slaughters : Yet I least had thought
 Such Tragick Acts had knowne a womans breast,
 Nor if I could, *Althea*, would your life
 (Strong to retort suspition) once permit
 Our least mistrust to staine your vertuous name :
 And had we not by heavens appointment found
 Vnder your hand and seale the firmest proofes
 Of tempting our owne blood to paricide;
 Suspitions strongest proofes had ne'r induc'd
 Our never lightly credulous believe
 To harbour your dislike ? But should we now
 Neglect our safety, and our Countries good,
 When all the Providence of Fate conspires
 To bring those treacherous practises to light,
 Which Heaven abhorres; wee should contemne the Heavens,
 Abuse that forme of justice we sustaine,
 And stand as guilty of those wastefull ruines
 Our cruell mildnesse gives your actions scope
 To call upon your Countrey and our selves.
 We therefore by the Lawes denounce you guilty
 Of Treason 'gainst our person and the State.

Lucil. Were it for life my Lord I stood to speake,
 I scarce would give the breath that I must spend
 To save that life: But since your Grace does know
 A womans prejudice has doom'd our death,
 For my names life Ile speake, and not for mine;
 If infamy might die when we doe die,
 I would be silent : for know my gracious Lord,
 I scorne to beg a life, but come all arm'd
 In such a compleate innocence, as dares
 Meet angry injustice in the jawes of death,
 And without trembling stand his violence.
 But that these Acts of blood, these horrid crimes
 Of paricide, of lust, and hellish sinne,
 Which will out-live our Tombes, and make our names
 Come hatefull to posterities Records,

Should have a birth within a Virgins breast
 That never yet was conscious of a with,
 'Gainst your desired safety; I must take leave
 To tell your Grace, that it was meerly feign'd
 By the bloody hand of Envy, to cut off
 That sacred band of love the Heavens have knit
 'Twixt your sonnes heart and my chaste innocence.
 Nor doe I taxe your justice for my death,
 But doe impute it most to his fond love,
 That by protests of vertue and desire,
 Drew my beleeving soule to his affects;
 For when my feares urg'd these ensuing ills,
 His uncontain'd affection breaking forth
 In signes of extreme passion, so consum'd
 My powers, that had my thoughts beene cold as Snow,
 His zeale pour'd out in such inflaming vowes
 Would melt them.

Duke. We must check your impudence,
 That swels beyond the bounds we did expect
 Your modesty should have observ'd : you wrong
 Our sonne, and in our sonne our selves; know you
 This hand and seale?

Lucil. I doe my honour'd Lord;
 Yet were that Hand and Seale never found guilty
 Of conceiv'd wrong 'gainst or your Sonne or you.

Duke. 'Twill speake it selfe, call it to witnesse then.

One reads the Letter.

MY Lord the attempt is dangerous and foule, therefore
 desist not; to enjoy the sweets our present Naptials
 would bring could I endure your hand stain'd with such an A-
 ction. More when wee meet : feare not; but — Heaven and Fate
 will second vertue. Be still your selfe, and I will rest

Yours more than mine.

ALTHEA.

Duke

Duke. Had you a priviledge to shrowd the blush
Your conscious guilt casts 'gainst the eyes of Heaven
As from our sight you doe conceale the Die
That writes your Acts in shame upon your Cheekes,
You might deny these proofes, and sweare them fain'd;
But that all-seeing power that notes the wild
And secretst passages of mans conceit,
Detesting those foule crimes of lust and blood,
Reveales your Acts. Stand therefore, and from the Seate
Of Iustice heare your doom; since your ambitious hopes
Soar'd up, and by our Blood did meane to climbe
Into that seat which Nature and our right
Had given to us : be therfore from the Rock
Throwne with your hopes, that your example teach
How low they fall, that climbe above their reach.
And you *Antonio* we charge to see
The execution speedily perform'd. *Exit cum suis.*

Manent Lucilio, Antonio, Page, Damasippus.

Lucil. As sweet as cooling dew comes to the brest
Of scorched Autumne, so Deaths slumber fals
On oppress'd innocence. And good *Antonio*,
Since 'tis your charge to see us dead, let mee
Entreat this favour that my body be
Speedily interr'd : and pray you tell the Duke
That I request his Grace not grieve too much
Hereafter, for what I willingly now sought,
And he against his will made me to finde.
Then that I may have a little space in private
To bid the world farewell; and this is all
A dying Virgin begs, and for your friend
Lucilio's sake you must not now deny it.

Anto. Wonder of womē! could my attemp's but yeeld
Halfe what my heart conceives, these limbs should die,
As many severall deaths as they containe
Conduits of life, to make your innocence live,
For your *Lucilio's* sake, whose woes will swell
Poore Lord, like to a winde-driven Ocean,

When he shall heare you dead, and beare him downe
To some disastrous end.

Lucil. You are deceiv'd,
Deare friend; *Lucilio's* woes end with my life.
Nor will a thought of griefe, a teare or sigh
Trouble his peacefull sleeps when I am dead.
But I shall straine your patience too farre, and give
The Duke a cause to blame your too much favour.

Exeunt.

The Page pulls Damasippus back to speake with him.

Dam. My little least of any thing, thou parcell of man, what's
the newes with thee?

Page. Newes from the Fortunate Ilands Master *Damasippus*:
The very *Elizium* of your delight, and delicious *Nectar* of plea-
sure; Mistris *Ambrosia Frailware* commands halfe her selfe to
your learned conceipts, and the rest to the heate of your inferiour
Moralties.

Dam. O the odoriferous flowre of *Florence*! How does
shee?

Page. In able strength and strong appetite: and earnestly en-
treates this evening your presence at Supper: her Husband will
bee fore'd by Oath businesse to be absent; and therefore you must
feed her with the fruits of your company, and you shall bee fed
with the strength of confirming meates that edifie.

Dam. Thy reward shall overtake thee: I will first accompany
this Lady to her death; and prepare and strengthen her according
to moralitie, and then I will be ready to give all moral comfort
to the sweet desires of our deare Paramour.

Exit.

Page. He meet your moral comfort with such a Physicall
counter-buffe, that He spoile your tilting for that night i' faith.

Exit.

Actus.

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Antonio, Lucilio following, and by him Damasippus as going to the Rocke, the executioner, Frailware and others with Holbeards.

Damasippus.

AND as I told you sweet Lady, make your reconcilement with the world, that you bee not hindred from your death: if you owe any thing, you must forgive and forget it, that you may dye according to morallitie.

Lucil. I thanke your labour Master *Damasippus*,
I hope my peace with heaven and earth's confirm'd;
And you shall need trouble your selfe no farther.
But you *Antonio*, whose deserving trust
Must be a witnesse of the latest gaspe
Our fainting soule shall draw, tell to the world
How undivided was the tender love
Betwixt *Althea* and *Lucilio's* life:
And let me vow't into thy full belicfe,
That the soft Ayre fann'd with the cooling breath
Of a milde Sommers Evening from the West
Was not lesse murderous than *Althea's* wish---
Nay weepe not man, we cannot weepe our selves,
We doe intreat this death to end our woes,
Not to encrease them. Farewell *Antonio*;
And if in after times you heare our friends
Sigh for our haplesse death, bid them desist;
We did but quench the thirst envy had chas'd us into.

---Come honest friend
Discharge your Office, for sorrow 'gins to sit
Heavy upon our heart that faine would rest.

The Executioner with one more leads him up to the Rocke, where he begins to binde his hands, first asking him forgiveness.

Execut. Madam, forgive me your death,
Lucil. Which here I doe

As freely as I wish my wear'd Ghost
May finde a fearelesse passage through the strange
And uncouth shades that leades our soules to Rest

*Enter the Lady Iulia running with her haire
dishevell'd.*

Iulia. Where shall I runne to meet, that, which beheld
Kills with a deadlier wound then doe the eyes
Or coldest poyson of a Basiliske.

She sees them on the Rock.
Althea stay---and let thy wretched Parent
Take the last farewell of her dying childe.

Shee runnes up to them.
Ah why did Nature make my unhappy wombe
Fruitfull by thee, and yet reserve mine age
To out-live the extremities of griefe, and see
Thy dismall end by an untimely death?
Was I reserv'd for this? Or were the crimes
Of our black guilt so horrid in the eyes
Of Heaven, that nothing but the fatall scourge
Of severe justice in the woefull'st forme
Could expiate our sinne? How were I blest
If the first instant that imparted life
To thy scarce featur'd selfe (joy to my wombe.)
Had beene the last in which we both had breath'd!

Lucil. Madam I doe not afflict your selfe, nor let your cares
Live from our death; *Althea* cannot dye,
But with her innocence does buy a life
That shall extend her worth beyond the reach
Of Time and Envy. Therefore as you respect
Your daughters peacefull happinesse, take truce
With sorrow but till we be dead, and Heaven
That still protects the innocent, will show
How just it is in plaguing those that strive
By treacherous plots to oppresse innocent lives.

Iulia. Canst thou perswade the Ocean in a storme
To leave her swelling? Or a Bullet shot
To stop its passage? No *Althea*! no!
The lightest Arrow is not more powerfull sent

Vnto his Mark than we are throwne to death.
Therefore farewell, Ile haste to meet thee there,
Where no iniustice nor oppressing tyrannie
Shall sever our embraces; and let this kiſſe
Seale up that vow upon thy dying lip,---

She offers to kiſſe Lucilio, and putting by his Scarfe he is knowne.

What's here? has sorrow so transform'd thy shape?
Or dull'd the wonted vigour of my sight,
That it sees nothing right proportioned?

Lucil. Madam conceale me for *Althea's* love,
Who lives, but banish'd onely for a while;
And let me die that she may freely live;

Iulia. My Lord *Lucilio*, doe you mocke my woes?
O where's *Althea*? have you murder'd her?
And come to upbraid the miseries we feele?
Is't not enough that I must lose that stay
On which my aged widdowhood rely'd;
But you must jest at anguish? Is not our blood
Enough to satisfie the thirst of Treason,
But you must swallow more? Ile not conceale
Your murdering plotts, but lay these Actions ope
To the wide worlds eyes; and leave the rest,
In hope that Heaven, who doth your treacheries view,
As you have dealt, so they may deale with you.

Shee throwes off his Scarfe.
Exit Iulia.

Lucilio offers to throw himselfe off the Rocke.

Serv. What meanes my Lord? *Lucil.* To dye as I am doom'd,
Therefore let me goe. *Serv.* *Antonio*, send your help
To save the Prince, whom you have brought to death.

Anto. My heart! force him to live, or by the Seat
Of Iustice, you shall die as many deaths
As you have Arteries.

Lucil. Then we must live to see those griefes alive
Which death would end, and life will but revive.

Anto. Poste to the *Duke* before, and let him know

The strangeness of the accident.

Exit Servant, Frailware and Page.

Lucil. Antonio: know that I ever held thy faith till now
True to thy friend, and thought thou wouldst assist
His miserie, which thou hadst richly done
If I had dyed.

Anto. O honour'd Lord, be these
Your harmlesse attempts that you conceal'd
With such a nice reserv'dnesse from your friend?
Come good my Lord, let us repaire to Court
That now stands wondring at this strange report.

Exeunt.

Enter Page and Frailware.

Page. My Head's in labour with a jest Master Constable, and I
have a warrant to your authoritie to see me well deliver'd on't.

Frail. I can drinke Sack, and talke bawdy for a need, if it come
within the compasse of my Office.

Page. Why there be two ingredients then to the composition
of a Midwife, and if you'll be rul'd in the Action, wee shall laugh
and lie downe, and have an excellent banquet at the delivery.

Frail. Gi' me thy warrant then, and Ile serve it as greedily as a
beggary Vndersherife does an Action of slander: But what is't?
what is't boy?

Page. Faith sir, the common danger that haunts men of your
place, fils Theaters, and gives many of your Landleffe Gallants
their gilt Spurres, and their feathers.

Frail. Unshale it, unshale it,

Page. Why Sir, in sober City Italian, that man of little wit,
lesse learning, and no honesty M. *Damasippus* the Stoick meanes
this Evening with pure moralitie to—

Frail. What sir?

Page. Cuckold you sir.

Frail. Body o'mee! that embleme of hypocrisie; hee lookes as
cold and mortifi'd as a Capon of a weekes killing.

Page. Hang him Lobster, hee's as hot as a Cocksparrow, and
as irreligious as as a Low-Country Lombard: Hee's good for no-
thing but that which men keepe old Stallions for: he would have
done rarely well after *Dencalions* flood, or five hundred of 'hem
now

now for the new plantation----But i'faith I would bae reveng'd on him.

Frail. Reveng'd? I'll give up my shop to be reveng'd on him, turne Sumner to plague him with Citations—

Page. And then out-bribe him, that hee shall finde no mercy i'th Bumme-Court.

Frail. Or else I will be sterne in my authoritie, set him in the Stocks, and set the Stocks at mine owne doore—

Page. Or else I would hire some Jew to make him factious, And then get him banish'd to *Amsterdam* to saw Brazill.

Frail. Or hire a Witch to take away his Instrument of lust, and then he'll hang himselfe in his owne girdle.

Page. Or get some body to promise him some Bookes and a new Gowne to deny the plurality of the gods, then informe against him, and goe drunke to see him burnt.

Frail. Else Ile get him Carted, and lye with his wife the while.

Page. I, and send him word of it when he is i'th Cart.

Frail. Some dreadfull vengeance or other my offended Authority shall take on him. I protest I never mistrusted it.

Page. Alas no; I knew you were a true Cuckold innocent.

Frail. A Cuckold innocent: what's that?

Page. One of the eight Tribes into which your liverie is divided---Nay, nay, nay sober Master Constable, be not dejected; let not your head sinke before it has ful lading: for look you, I'll shew you the dignitie of your estate: your Cuckoldhood sir is more worshipfull than the best of all the foure and twenty Companies; Because in some ages you have had some of the best of all those Companies Fellowes of the Liverie. Secondly, you have had all states and rankes belonging to it. *Sylla*, *Domitian* and *Claudius*, great Emperours of the world, never car'd to be free of the Goldsmiths or Merchant-Taylors Hall, yet they were huge Cuckolds. Thirdly, you have your wit in chusing approv'd, which must of necessitie show you to have beene wise men, and therefore most commonly you are in Offices. Fourthly you have sometimes better men to be your followers than your selfe, for they be glad to follow and come after, where you have beene before. Fifthly, you have others to worke for the propagation of your name, while you be idle, and reape the fruits of their labours. And lastly, it

makes your way to heaven Master Constable, infallible, for if you die quickly, you die an innocent—But let me be your Pilot, and if I doe not learne you a course to pay this Puffin, this all *Priapus*, this Goate rampant in's owne kinde, let my wit bee for ever crack't.

Frail. If thou couldst doe it in some bitter manner.

Page. Trust me not else—for looke you Sir, if it were a Courier of a good perfume, and rich Garter; or a Gallant of the new fashion, with fresh insides; nay, an 'twere a barren Alderman that would visit his Wench secretly, and were in the way to authority, why, 'twere something tolerable. But to be horn'd by a Sir, that's no Knight, one that will lie as fast as an Alminack-maker, a thred-bare-grogran-worsted-lack-Latin! 'tis insufferable.

Frail. O 'tis, I know 'tis.

Page. Your onely revenging remedie, then, is prevention in the same kinde, which you shall most dexterously atchieve *me ducce, id est, si ego dux fuero*, little Master Constable.

Frail. How sweet boy, how?

Page. Doe you but invite Mistris *Abigail* to Supper this evening, who knowes nothing of her husbands being there, and leave therest to my providence.

Frail. Ile doe it Boy i' faith, I will, I will indeed Boy.

Page. About it then, Ile meet you at your comming backe and give directions for the rest.

Exeunt

Enter the Duchesse disguised, and Mycale a Witch.

Mical. Your Grace hath beene exceeding patient To undergoe these paines, and come to us.

Duch. Good *Micale* I was unfortunate I had not knowne thy skill and us'd it sooner; For since Heavens power denies me just revenge And meanes, to worke my will; Ile search the depth Of hels dark'st Angels, but I will dissolve That firme link'd band of love: and to that end Shrowded in this disguise I came to thee That thou maist let some nimble spirit slip From out the powerfull Circle after her; And with thy spels pursue her unto death.

Mical. Madam, It shall be speedily perform'd

Please

Please you a while retire into this roome
And waite the ceremonious houre, while wee
Prepare us for the sacrifice, and provide
Those powerfull ingredients which we use
In the confection of our charmes,

Duch. I will.

Exit Duchesse.

Song.

Mic. Sarvia ! *Sar.* Mother ! *Mic.* Take thy flight
While the Moone affords thee light,
While the Dog-Starre shines downright
On the powerfull Aconite,
And the Hearbes appeare in sight.

Sar. Away and wash your body white
In the spring, and cleanse you quite,
For Ile soone the Shepheard fright,
And bring home to mend the right
A female Lamb as black as night.

Mic. Haste then, quickeretune thee home.
Doe not tho forget the stone
In the Toade, nor Serpents bone,
Nor the Mandrake though he groane,
Pull him up, he is our owne.

Sar. Ile steale besides (let me alone)
The great blacke Cat from jumping Jone,
And make the Nurse and Mother moane
When their fatlings throat is shorne:

Mic. Haste then, quickreturne thee home.

Enter Lucilio and Antonio.

Lucil. Where be we now *Antonio* ! is not this life
 On the farre side of death, and sinkes beyond
A non existens ? Hadst thou not made thy friend
 Blest in thy faith, if thou hadst yeelded way
 To my desires, and I had cleerly leapt
 From the maine top of mischief, and false short
 Of these calamities ? Oh the grosse oversight
 Of our mistaking nature, that is so base
 To buy a draught of ayre with seas of ills !
 Or thinke we benefit a friend, when wee
 Doe turne his houre-glasse to make life runne ;
 Though every minute hailes downe mis-fortune thick
 As it doth Sand into the empty receptacle.

Anto. Nay, give me leave to tell your Grace my Lord,
 This strong desire of death, that hath possesst
 Your will thus farre, does not expresse the signes
 Of that true valour your spirit seemes to beare ;
 For 'tis not courage, when the darts of chance
 Are throwne against our State, to turne our backs,
 And basely runne to death ; as if the hand
 Of Heaven and Nature had lent nothing else
 To oppose against mishap, but losse of life,
 Which is to flie and not to conquer it.
 For know it were true valours part, my Lord,
 That when the hand of chance had crush'd our States,
 Ruin'd all that our fairest hopes had built,
 And thrownt in heaps of desolation ;
 Then by those ruines for our thoughts to climbe
 Vp, till they dar'd blinde fortune to the face,
 And urg'd her anger to increase those heaps,
 That we might rise with them, and make her know
 Wee were above, and all her power below.
 Why this my Lord would prove us men indeed.
 But when affliction thunders o'r our Roofe,
 To hide our heads, and runne into our graves
 Shewes us no men, but makes us fortunes slaves.

Lucil.

Lucil. *Antonio*, thou wouldst turne Philosopher
To doe thy friend a kindnesse; but 'tis not wordes
Our businesse askes, we must have action now.
Thou seest my fathers anger for this freeing
Althea from her death, swels like a tide
Halfe flowne, that labours 'gainst an adverse wind,
And does command us leave the Court awhile,
And passe for Greece (as if our travaile could
Be Bawd unto the chastity of faith
That's vow'd to vertue) when my long weary'd minde,
Already's toying in a pilgrimage
Vp to the shrine of Natures rich perfections :
Therefore *Antonio* thou must take the shape
Of all (save misery) that I containe:
And for I know my fathers jealousy
Will entertaine all rumours that are left
Where ere my name passe; thou must bee *Lucilio* :
And so my name travaile alone with thee
It will suffice; for fame doth sometimes gull
The best intelligence. Then shape thy course
Farthest from *Athens*, to those parts of Greece
Where I am least knowne.

Anton. Pardon me my Lord
If I consent not : for should your safety call
To leape the Tyrrhene Cliffs into the maine,
Stand in the face of a fir'd Canon,
Or hale a sleeping Lyon from the way
Where you must passe, my love would force me runne
Against the edge of danger for your life:
But this is onely a pretended shew
To win our absence, that none may interrupt
Your torrent of impatience, that posts
Like melted Snow from off the *Apenine*
Downe to destruction.

Luci. Thou art curious still
With our intentions, and mistak'st me much.
Beleev't *Antonio* if I might have dyed
When the vast flood of spleene was at the full,
And thought to overflow whole worlds of love :

When Envy stood a tip-toe to catch hold,
 And pull downe innocence to trample on't,
 And sweet Revenge was at her qu to speake
 From my bruis'd bones; then death had been a heaven:
 But now my head's turn'd brasse, & speakes times past,
 And harden'd is against the worst of ils,
 Though every frowne my angry mother gives
 Should come like hammers 'gainst my forehead,

Anton. May I beleev't my Lord,

Lucil. By Heaven I will,

And so resolve : yet for thy farther trust,
 I will bee open to thee; my meaning is
 To put off name and habit for a while,
 Till I have found *Althea*, and knit that knot
 Which hell it selfe shall never violate;
 And therefore carry rumour still with thee,
 That it may have no leasure to descry
 What I embrace. Farewell *Antonio* !
 And prethee let this evening bee the last
 Of thy delay : Heaven will be my friend,
 And send content, or give my woes an end.

Exit Lucilio.

Anton. Soft, Ile not leave you to goe seek that end : your name
 shall travaile, but Ile not carry it. Though you have vow'd not to
 procure your death; you are in love----*manet.*

Enter Alastor and Assassino quarrelling.

Alast. D'sfoote Sir, your speeches be peremptory.

Assas. Why, Sir, I said it, and I say it agen; that the Dukes
 Sonne was a foole, and a mad-man, to venture his life for ere a
 womans love in *Italy*.

Alast. I yeeld Sir, 'twas a madpart to venture a painful death
 for a woman, when a woman will venture nothing, but she'll have
 pleasure at one end of it, for the life of a man; yet the Dukes Sonne
 was not a madman for it.

Assas. I say he was.

Alast. I say you lie
 D'foote Sir, you will not strike me?

---*Assasino gives him a blow;*

Assas.

Assafs. Yes, and whip thee with Birch i' the Nose.

Exit stalking.

Anton. Bravely perform'd *Alastor*, 'tis politiquely done, bee noble and doe not strike.

Alast. Why sir, this is not mine owne sword.

Anton. And therefore thou hadst no authority to use it: Come I have other businesse for thee, that shall gaine thee gold.

Alast. I thanke you sir, for indeed I had a suit to you before.

Anton. It is the better trade of the two by halfe: I know thou canst begg valiantly: but to the businesse. Thou knowst my Lord *Lucilio* goes away in disgrace 'twixt banishment and travaile: he is not well, and therefore would stay behinde a while unknowne: onely thou must goe before and put on his name, that the world may take notice of his passage, and hold rumour busie, till hee comes privately and overtakes thee---But come to my lodging, where Ile dispose of farther particulars, and furnish thee with apparell and crownes for thy journey.

Alast. I attend you sir.

exeunt.

A Table set forth covered with a cloth.

Enter Mistris Frailware.

Mistris Frail. Why *Debora* I say! why *Debora*.

Debor. Anon forsooth.

within.

Mistris Frail. Come bring away the Napkins quickly, and make ready here, (these heavy Ars'd wenches are so slow) and doe you heare, bid one of the Boyes fetch me a Pinte of Oligant, Bulls Blood, and a quart of Canary; and look that the white Broth with Eringoes and Marrow be not over-boyl'd; I know M. *Damasippus* loves it well.

Enter Damasippus.

Damas. Ioy and peace of minde be to my deare Pupill, let mee give thee a morall kisse.

Mistris Frai. In pure moralitie M. *Damasippus*, you are most heartily welcome--- Would this wench would come away that wee had Supper once.

Damas. That word hath eterniz'd thee my sweet *Ambrosia*;
and

and thy name is written in *Elizium* among *Love's* paramours : Wherefore let the beloved of *Love* feast and banquet according to moralitie.

Enter Dehora with Supper.

Mistris Fraill. You are so full of learned sayings still : I have studyed too a great while, would I could reade once.

Dam. Soule of the world ! thou shalt bee illuminated without reading, for I will infuse knowledge into thee, and thou shalt bee replete.

Mistris Fra. Can you doe so *M. Damasippus* ?

Dam. I can my *Summum bonum* : and thou shalt have the *Mandragoras* for thy fecundity; and I will free thee from the vicious note of sterility.

Mistris Fra. O the blessings of these Philosophers ! Come sweet *M. Damasippus*, sit, and lets sup quickly.

Dam. Content.

Enter Dehora running.

Debor. O *Mistris* ! my Master and *Mistris Abigail* are comming up the street together.

Dam. Thunder from heaven confound 'hem, and the fire of *Aetna* consume their steps.

Mistris Fra. Charitable *M. Damasippus*, get in here till I can shift 'hem----so, 'tis well, *She hides him.*

Enter Master Fraillware and Mistris Abigail.

Master Fra. Good *Mistris Abigail*, I was sure before hee was not here. How now wife ! at high Supper ! and Wine ! and Iunkets ! and knacks ! and all alone ! this feast would have beseem'd thy friends and Neighbours, the worshipfull of the Parish, our fellow Magistrates : but I thanke thee for't, I have a stomacke now as sharp---as if I would eate for anger. I would not for a pound I were to beguile any one of his Supper to night, Come sit *Mistris Abigail*.

Abig. *Mistris Fraillware* will you sit by your husband ?

Mistris Fra. No forsooth, my stomach does so wamble : when Supper was dressing methought I could eate such a deale; and

and now the sight of---the meat does so fill mee: I pray Husband bring Mistress *Abigail* into my Chamber, I think I shall be very ill.

Master Frail. By and by duck, we follow thee---so, sit as close to mee now as mine Office, and here's a health in Canary to the formall Cuckold thy Husband.

Abi. Fy M. *Frailware* that you'll have such a fearfull word in your mouth.

Master Frail. Hang him, hee's a Goate, and thou hast, and shalt make him deserve it.

Abigail. I must confesse hee has a stinking breathe indeed; & that I have traversd the paths of goodfellowship for your sake.

Master Fra. I, and wilt doe still, though thy Husband heard thee say so.

Abig. I and will doe it though my husband heard mee.

M. Fra. Why now thou speak'st like a sister of the Lecture, and according to moraliity.

Abig. Nay I have been forward enough to you M. *Frailware*, ever since my first mariage: for in good earnest I did marry M. *Damassippus*, only because I saw the Philosophers wives goe with the first of the Parish, and so forth---but my heart---

M. Fra. Let the City have it wench, and let my fine pure formall peece of Stoicity weare out six grogran Elbowes with plcading moralities, and counterfeite railing against the sinnes of the flesh; spend all hee can flatter from women to play the Epicure; and then make ragged Lectures and exercises in Cellars and Gravell Pits for a collection of seven pence, ere thou giv'st him so much as a good wish.

Abig. Nay so hee shall; for truely he is growne a very *Pharao*, a hard-hearted Mirmidon to me of late.

M. Fra. A *ficus* for him whorson Crab; hee playes the Goate rampant abroad I heare.

Ab. It eene makes me many times wish him in his grave, that he might sleepe and I were free.

M. Fra. Thou art free now my sweet *Ab*: come, gi' me a threave of kisses---who would live tyed to such a Bull of *Bafon*.

Enter Page disguised like a Fidler.

Page. Will please you have any Musick?

M. Fra. Musick! most opportunely welcome; wee'll make a night on't now: strike up *Tigellius*.

Abig. Away with him prophane Tavern-LEECH.

Master Fra. Nay prethee Mistris *Abigail* have patience.

Abig. I will not heare it.

Master Fra. By this kisse you must---play on firrha---
Musick is a noble Science.

Ab. Well this fit would cost me an exercise if my Husband knew it: but I can endure any thing for your sake sweet *M. Frailware*,

Master Fra. Godamercy----

Damasippus moves under him

What an earthquake ! more Devils i' the Vault ? are you fir'd, and will blow us up ? who have we here ?

Page. The very 'st Cuckold of a dozen.

Master Fra. Neighbour *Damasippus* ! now by my authoritie welcome into the Livery : wee'll have a company shortly.

Abig. O, my husband ! I will goe to an exercise presently, that the gods may appease your wrath. *exit.*

Master Fra. I see our wives will bring us to all the venerable degrees of the City, before they have done.

Dam. Frailware, I will curse thee from the Temple of *Diana*; and thou shalt be excarnify'd by doggs.

Master Fra. We are *Acteons* both : let us knock heads.

Page. Step before him and shut the doore, I have a plot against his Beard. *ha ha ha*-----
exennt.

Enter Duchesse and Micale.

Duch. Now tell us *Micale*

What Sacrifice was that held you so long,
And would not admit our presence ?

Mic. Madam, I must disclose more than the secrecie

Of our rul'd Discipline will well permit,

If I reveale each Act particular,

And forme that that dread Sacrifice includes.

But what I may without the prejudice

Of our strict and inviolable Canons,

Your Grace shall know, Iust at the depth of night,

(Which time is Ceremonious) I went downe

To a cleare Fountaine, where I bath'd and cleans'd me

From head to foote ? Then tooke a female Lamb

Black as the night, and digging first a hole
 That might receive the sacrificed blood,
 I open'd all the Veins that traversed
 The neck, untill I left the carcasfe dry:
 Then with a hallow'd Knife I separate
 The head, and splatted it. That done, I heapt
 A pile of consecrated fire, whereon
 Now burnes the body of the Holocaust.
 Then tooke I Infants fat, and luke-warme blood
 Drawne from it's throate, mingl'd with Viper Wine,
 And distill'd Hemlock, with the Mandrakes roote,
 Night-shade, Moonwort, and dreadfull *Aconite*,
 Which to the flame I powr'd with Milke and Honey,
 A holy banquet to great *Hecate*
 Whom we invoke; and leave the sacred fire.
 Soone as our backs are turn'd, we heare a noyse
 In hideous shapes, that would affright and shake
 The constant'st force of Natures best Male courage:
 Yet must we not looke back whence they proceed,
 For then all's frustrate; but as the fire consumes
 The offerings impos'd, the groanings cease,
 And then appeare the Spirits which wee implore,
 And which will ne'r appeare unlesse first pleas'd
 With some oblation.

Duch. How doe you point the formes which they assume?

Mic. Each hath his private Charme, peculiar for the shape
 which pleaseth most, and is least fearfull.

Enter Sarvia with a Looking-glasse.

Sar. Mother the noyse is done,
 The flames grow pale and dimme, and in dark shoves
 Speake the approaching horror which they feele.

Mic. Be gone and leave us then---Now Madam sit,

Takes the glasse.

And in this glasse behold what Magick feature
 There riseth from the earth to doe you service.

*Shee sets the Duchesse so that the Spirit may rise
 behind them both looking in the glasse together.*

The first Spirit riseth from under the Stage, (so of the rest) and softly passing along, goes out.

Duch. What Spirit is this?

Mic. This is a common spirit of much practise; it goes in the forme of a young Gentlewoman worne out of service, and keepes her residence in the Suburbs, till she has ingross'd all the diseases of the City, which she delivers by whole sale to her customers: From sixteene to foure and twenty; thec is for none but Bever Hats, Gold Lace, and Taffety Linings: Before thirty she fals to Roaring Boyes, Sharks, Servingmen and Artificers: from thence to Porters and Skavingers; till freed by all degrees, she becomes a Nurse of the Trade by five and forty; then many times a sixpenny Witch, and so back againe to an everlasting Devill.

The second Spirit riseth.

Duch. What is this?

Mic. This is a Spirit Madam that takes many times the habit of an old Gentlewoman, gets into Ladies familiarities, & teaches the tempers of Complexion, the composition of meats that strengthen and provoke luxury: the use of *quelque choses* and *Dildoes*: has *Aretine* at her fingers ends. 'Twas she that first invented double Locks, and a sute of Keyes to every Office: Shee exalted the horne of the Buttery, & made the Silver Bole neglect the company of the black lack: and prefer'd a Bill against eating Breakfasts and sitting up late, to the prejudice of Tallow-Chandlers. In fine, shee sets Families together by the eares, and flattering her selfe into great mens expenses, becomes the bane of Hospitalitie.

Duch. 'Tis a familiar Spittit, methinkes I could bee acquainted with her---But who is this?

The third Spirit.

Mic. O this is a Devill of many shapes, and indeed Madam, seldom at leisure, that wee can have any use of him. He fawnes him into services of place, and perswades men, otherwise morally civil, from the chaste Sheets of their beautifull and vertuous mariages: becomes an Intelligencer, and panders them to Milk-maids, Kitchen.

chin-wenches, and Oyster-wives. Hee refuses no deed that heaven abhorres, and Hell trembles at, so his Lord sin with him. He is a very chain'd slave to his Masters vices, and leaves him in nothing but Actions of honour and vertue. An other time hee is a concealed Druggist or Apothecary, puts on the name of a great Traveller, poysons at an houre, and is in great request.

Duch. Speake to him good *Micale*, and let him know our businesse.

Mic. Stay then thou Spirit of night, and by the power
The chiefe commander of your shades hath lent,
I doe adjure thee tell where lives *Althea*?

The Spirit whispers Micale behinde.

He tels me Madam, in the Mountaines farre from hence.

Duch. But how shall we procure her death?

He whispers Micale as before.

Mic. By poyson! gi' mee something then that kills
Past Cure, and speedily----it is sufficient.

Hee gives her a Violl and extr.

I have a nimble Spirit at command
That by an oyntment which we doe apply
To parts of our mark'd bodies; is at hand,
Who posts us through the regions of the ayre,
When oft wee meet at solemne festivals,
Or doe admit a novice to the oath
Of our abstruse and powerfull discipline:
Leave it to us, and ere to morrowes Sunne
Touch but three Points of West beyond Mid-noone,
My selfe will see *Althea* dead.

Duch. Thanks gentle *Micale*, for thou hast eas'd me much,
Ile not forget thy paines, nor leave thy skill
Without regard, for wee have much to know.

Mic. 'Tis a curious age Madam, and we are full
Of businesse now, so many come to know
Who shall survive, their Husbands or themselves;
And then how long; whom they shall marry next;

What place and oportunitie must meet
To raile their titles; with a million more
Of womens questions---But the day begins
To looke upon us.

Duch. I must hasten then
Least some mis-fortune doe discover me:
Farewell *Micale*, he'll prosper our designe.

Mic. Feare it not Madam, I will not sleep nor eate,
Till by *Althea's* death I joyntly free
Your Sonne and House from *Cupids* Tyranny.

exunt.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

*Enter Althea and Camilla disguis'd like
Shepherdesses.*

Althea.

THe day growes hot, and with the climbing Sunne
That mounts to th' height of noone, our cares doe flie
Drawne on by feare and grieve, to deep despaire.
Lets rest under this shade until the findging Ray a little hath with-
drawne it selfe.


Cam. And gladly too, for I am as weary of travell, as I am of a
Shepherds life.

Alth. I *Camilla*, the desire of being publike is the disease of our
Sex: we thinke the Countries free breathing spaciousnesse a pri-
son, where the losse of libertie is the want of company. But if
there were one of us, whose contents were not without her, she
would shun that common concurse of eyes, as she does the opini-
on of deformity; and perceive that the best perfectiō had no grea-
ter enemy than publike aspects.

Cam. This is forc'd now, and favours not of your temper and
womans seasoning, to hold Paradoxes against nature, and opinions
opposite to our owne feelings. 'Sprecious Madam, if Nature
fram'd us to please, how can we please where's none to be pleas'd
but Beasts and Birds, whose apprehension was ne'r made capable
of proportion, and therefore regard it not.

Alth.

Althea. And therefore condemne us of unnaturalnesse, that when beauty was equally shar'd 'twixt them and us, they respect it as it is; whil'st wee, blinded by reasonable sense, conceive it the richest gift Heaven could give, study it above the soule, and equall to life, tho it meerly touch our outsides, as clothes doe.

Cam. Nay deare Mistris, let's talke a little now like our selves like women; and tell mee whether an excellent Qualitie forc'd from operation, or a rare peece of worke held from sight, bee not a wrong to the Author, as well as the thing?  they were fowly deceiv'd that sought perfection in a Nunnery!

Alth. Thats the errour of our ambition, that while wee take our ayme at admiration, by publikenesse and common flattery, we misse that repute among the wisest, which our beauties not prostituted would infallibly merit; because every thing, though lesse perfect, yet lesse common, is more admired, as we see in the Sunne and a Comet.

Cam. You are Bookish still: and Ile stand to it yet, there's no woman but loves them both: and therefore being naturall to our Sex, why should it bee tearmed unnaturalnesse in us, to cherish beautie, or wish the perfection of civill mens amiable societic, when that ever begets love, and love is ever secoded with flattery. I like a Wench that's pure mettall, and spirit, and the very soule of her kinde; that when a Lord wantons her, will forsake her home, give off her father and competent meanes to the poore of the Parish; stick to the City, like a Prodigall to the Counter, that cannot be drawne out by all the friends, he has; lives clearly by her wits, yet reasonable honest too, and all to be flatter'd.

Alth. Such *Camilla* be the disgrace of their Sex: whose appetites change with varietie; and taint the generall name of women with the vicious note of inconstancy.

Camill. That's the folly of men, to terme inconstancie vicious in us, for were they not so prone to wrong us, they would ne'r expect it, but know that to bee too constant to them, were to bee too disloyall to our selves, which I hope ne'r came nigh a womans wit.

Alth. Yet it is the perfection of vertue to lose by the exercise.

Cam. By the pleasures of change, I sweare this constancy is a mortall sinne, and not a vertue in any of us.

Alth. A sinne! and mortall!

Cam.

Cam. A sinn, and most mortall, because most against nature, and brings many of us to lead Apes in Hell. To lose the sweets of youth, the very *Nectar* of Nature, and frustrate the end of our Creation; can this be lesse than a mortall sinne?

Alth. 'Tis a worke of merit, and they be Saints worthy to have their names written upon the Altar of Chastity. 'Tis belov'd of Heaven, and sometimes fortunately rewarded here.

Cam. As for example---

Alth. My selfe you meane.

Camill. I am no Divine, spight of the time I must speake my thoughts.

Alth. Why then 'tis I,

Althea. Why then 'tis you: would any woman breathing, that had her senses, and no red head, no blew lips nor raw Nose, no desperate fortunes, nor crackt reputatiō, but walk'd upright in the face of the world, and in the Aprill of her age, so devote her selfe to one, that she must undergoe these miseries, when by renouncing him, shee may underlie so many commodities? To turne Savage here, and hold conference with none but hils and sheepe, when she might have variety of fashions, wits, and breathes to Court her at home. I protest I would love over a whole Play-house of Gallants first.

Alth. I could be angry with thee *Camilla*, for Ile first be treacherous to my owne soule, ere buy content or kingdomes with perfidiouseffe.

Cam. God reward you, for man will never.

Alth. Vertue is rich, and rewards it selfe: and if my wrongs merit *Lucilios* safetie, Heaven redouble 'hem.

Enter Micale like a Shepherdesse with a Bottle and a Bagg.

Mic. Now *Micale* thou hast the sight of them, And art already 'spy'd; cast out the baite.

Alth. What is shee? Sure some voluntary occasion has driven her this way.

Cam. 'Tis some Camelion perhaps, that lives upon the breath of newes, and comes to intelligence us here.

Mic. What, no salute! methinkes the furious heate Should make 'hem soone inquisitive to know.

What I came laden with into these Mountaines,

Which

Which yeeld no other juice but Christall Springs :
I have a Liquor here to quench their thirst,
Phylick to purge them from their loving humours,
And that aspiring minde that does invest
Althea hopes within a Duchesse stile.

She sits downe and plucks out her Viands.

Cam. Faith Mistris my stomack takes this for an invitation, I have a great appetite to be acquainted with the honest Shepherdesse, for I am dry at heart, though my teeth water.

Alth. Yet be not impudent, invite not thy selfe.

Cam. Why no, I shall doe as custome and fashion forces us in wooing, forbear and be coy, look to be invited and pray'd, when we be ready to starve : Ile to her & dine, that's past resolving—
Come will you goe ?

Alth. Not I.

Cam. Your reason ?

Alth. Because I have none to goe.

Cam. Nor I to stay----Shepherdesse proface : I thinke your feast be neither gluttonous nor miserable, that thus you make it in the sight of heaven.

Mic. 'Tis the Countries priviledge faire Shepherdesse to shun both : will't please you sit and eate ?

Cam. Your kindnesse makes mee presume, yet I feare to be ever bold.

Mic. Command and try, these Hill-Inhabitants dissemble not.

Cam. I have a melancholy friend here by, whom discontent makes scarce sociable: yet perhaps company & your Bottle would infuse a little spirit, and make a Sunshine on her thoughts.

Mic. You are too blame if you left her then, solenesse feeds melancholy : please you we goe and sit with her ?

Cam. That were to trouble your kindnesse.

Mic. Nay you mistake me then, methinks Shepheards should not know these Court complements, more then that does the Countries honesty.

They rise and goe to Althea.

Cam. Come, rouze your selfe, and meet a banquet that comes freely to you.

H

Alth.

Alth. I cannot eate. *Mic.* Why then you cannot live.

Alth. And therefore I cannot eate, because I cannot live.

Mic. Yet strengthen Nature, and out-live sorrow.

Alth. 'Twere *Tyrius* plague, to renew strength for griefe to feed on.

Mic. And to let sorrow keepe you fasting were to starve with *Tantalus*.

Alth. A hard choise for me the while.

Cam. Vertuous constancy; thou art belov'd of Heaven, and fortunately rewarded. *Alth.* Peace good Eccho.

Mic. Come Nymph, you must bee joviall, these love griefes availe you nothing: men perhaps laugh at hem.

Cam. Why true: here's a health and wisedome to you

Alth. Both to your selfe, I am not sick.

Mic. Pledge her faire Nymph.

Cam. See what a company of religious fooles wee maides bee, to sigh and hang the head for ere a rough-hewne-stubble cheeke on 'hem all, when a Crab-fac'd Cynick, that has neither land nor hansomnesse, will scoffe at affection, and say hee knowes foure Wenches, who if they were stamp'd and strain'd, so, that he might draw out the vertue of one, the beauty of another, the witty good nature of a third, and the Portion of a fourth; he could make a reasonable good Wife for ere a yonger brother in the land.

Mic. By Pan but such a wife would right well fit a Worshipfull Heire.

Cam. Nay that were pity faith, then fooles should trouble two houses. Come will you take your Liquor?

Alth. good Spirit leave thy tempting: my heart growes cold and pants, as if it did presage some fatall ill stood nigh me.

Mic. These be the dreames of love: here take a draught, and waken imagination, fancy is strong with you.

Alth. I thinke so too; pray heaven it be no more.

Mic. Great *Brimo*, shall our labour be frustrate!

He frame a lye shall make her hang her selfe

For griefe, since poyson failes--- yet taste a little,

The Citie yeelds no better Cordiall to banish feares.

Alth. I cannot drinke---were you in the City late?

Mic. I was, and saw a heavy spectacle,

The Dukes sole Heire, who taking the disguise

Of a condemned Lady, that stood tainted
Of Treason, was throwne downe from off the Rock,
And, by the priviledge of Law that gives
Our Virgins leave to pleade and dye conceal'd,
Vntill his Funerall, was still unknowne.
Since when, the Duke to satisfie the wrath
His ignorance had bred by such a losse
Vnto the State, has burnt the guiltlesse mother
Of that young Lady, persecutes her Kinne,
Raced their ancient House, and voves the death
Of her, who yet is fled, and none knowes where.

Alth. Oh _____

She sownes.

Mic. Are you poyson'd with a lie? --- What ailes you Lasse?
What fainting?

Alth. I am not well; good Shepheardesse
Leave us a while; I thanke thee for her meate,
But the Sawce comes worse than poyson to my breast.

Mic. Then fare you well: I am sorry to have bin the Messenger
of that afflicts you---and kills not presently,
Although I hope this lie proves to thy heart,
Poyson more ranke then ere was us'd by Art.

aside.

exit Micale.

Alth. O we have liv'd too long *Camilla*, and
Out-slept the houre in which wee should have dyed,
Plagues, guilt and mischief have o'rtaken us,
Because we slack'd, and would not quit the world
To rest in pure white Tombs of innocence,

Cam. I feare some of us shall recompence our sloth too soone,
for I am wondrous ill.

Alth. Poore wench, these newes have wounded thee.

Cam. Not to dissemble, no: but from the Wine
I tasted of the Bottle, went a cold
Through every veine, that settling at my heart,
Shuts up the passages of life, and fills
The Organs of my powers with such a frost
As kills the spirits that should harbour it.

Alth. Does Hell conspire with envy then to persecute
Our misery? and sent some fiend to take
That shape, that ne'r till now did shrow'd so foule a sin.

H 2

Cam.

Cam. My soule growes faint and weary of her house;
 And Death claimes right in all my Vitall parts :
 Help me *Althea* ! help me *Misiris* !
 Or bury me at least, and close mine eyes,
 Death is the best ---

Camilla dies.

Alth. Of all lifes miseries.

She rubs her to get life.

Dead--- starke dead----
 It is not much I aske the Angry heavens;
 Lend but my wits to die, I crave no more :
 Or if you have a further punishment
 Reserv'd, be milde, and hurle it quickly on mee
 With its full weight,--- Poore wench, I have no tooles
 To breake the earth, nor meanes to burie thee :
 Thou hast not kill'd a Mother, nor a Prince,
 Nor beene the ruine of thy Family;
 Is't such a guilt to beare me company,
 That thou must dye, and want what Homicides,
 And Malefactors finde ? ----a grave ! Here take
 This Scarfe, *Lucilio* was wont to weare it;
 Tell him thou hast it for thy Shrowd, and I
 Am gone to meet him, and have onely begg'd
 A truce with fatall mischiefe, whilst I hie,
 That where hee dyed, there I may likewise die.
 Poore soule farewell. *exit.*

*Enter Damon and Arminio two Shepherds. Laurinda a
 Shepherdesse with greene Strewings.*

Dam. Come, hands to worke, it is the Festivall
 Of our *Silvanus*, we must round entrench
 The place fittest for dancing.

Laur. And strew the banks
 On which the Summer Lord and Lady sit
 To see the sports, with these rich spoyle of *May*.

Arm. Our Shepherds will be frolicke then, and lose
 No Ceremony of their ancient mirth.

Dam. I like 'hem well : the curious precisenesse
 And all-pretended gravities of those
 That sought these ancient harmlesse sports to banish;

Have

Have thrust away much ancient honesty.

Armin. I doe beleeeve you : 'tis the exercise
Of such, only to seeme, and to be thought,
What they are not, holy. They keep the feast
Of our great Pan, with more than needfull stricnesse,
And take upon 'hem to bee great oath-haters,
When all is but dissembling, and their Devotions
Like Witches charmes, disguis'd with seeming good
To beare out wickednesse.

Dam. Then they have reason, for they that live by shewes must
paint faire.

Laur. Alas, what's here? a Shepherdess asleep!

Dam. Sweet benefit of our life, to whom a Turfe gives a more
secure sleep, than a Palace doth a Monarch.

Laur. But this is death, not sleep.

Arm. Why then shee's absolutely blest : Nature has given her
an acquittance from the reckonings of fortune and miserie.

Laur. We must in charity bury her.

Dam. To your Toolles then, we can doe no lesse : though it bee
scarce in fashion now to be charitable. *They digg the Grave.*

Laur. Fashion is a Traveller, and Shepherds cannot follow it.

Arm. I *Laurinda*, it travels into all Nations the world o'r.

Laur. And therefore should goe round.

Dam. And therefore does goe round, blindfold, like a Mill-
Horse, who thinkes he goes forward, yet keeps his course circu-
lar. But now *Laurinda* what further Ceremony can you devise
for this Funerall? poore haplesse Coarse!

Laur. To mourne for we know not whom, and when perad-
venture death was the beginning of her happinesse, were to a-
buse our selves, and be sorry she could be no longer miserable.

Shee strewes on her.

Ile strow my flowers on her Virgin Hearse,
And rob another Meddow for the sports,
The place affords no other Ceremony.

Arm. Yes, wee must have a Countrey Song for her farewell
from the earth, and welcome to the earth.

Laur. Ile doe my best, though it bee unseasonable to sing at
burials.

Dam. Poore Wench, even in the flower of her age ! although
I knew thee not, yet for thy memory Ile change with thee----

*He takes the Scarfe from her face,
and covers it with a cloth.*

Your hand *Arminie*.

They take her up and bury her.

S O N G.

Laur. Die, die, ah die !

Wee all must die :

'Tis Fates decree,

Then aske not why.

When we were fram'd the Fates consultedly

Did make this law, That all things borne should die.

Yet Nature strove

And did denie

We should be slaves

To Destinie :

At which they heape

Such miserie

That Natures selfe

Did wish to die :

And thank't their goodnesse that they would foresee

To end our cares with such a milde Decree.

———— Farewell and sleep for ever.

Enter Antonio disguised.

Ant. 'Tis too late, I have miss'd him, and all my labour's lost.
Speed you shepheards and your worke.

Armin. Sir, you are welcome, but our sad worke is sped already, and so are they for whom we worke.

Ant. Why is it sad then if both be sure of speeding ?

Armin.

Arm. Because Sir the bestspeed our labour can have, is the sad end of their life for whom we worke. We have buried the dead.

Anton. 'Tis well that Charity is not runne the Countrey, then. But whom have you buried ?

Armin. One doubtlesse as unfortunate as unknowne, a stranger sure in these parts, and as shee seem'd, a maid : further particulars we know not: but pittying shee should want a buriall, as we came by and saw her dead, we gave her that which earth denies to no misfortune, a poore grave.

Dam. And tooke from off her face this Scarfe, bless'd with the last kisse her dying lips could give.

Anton. O my apprehensive soule !

He catches the Scarfe.

Dam. What meane you Sir? doe you know it ?

Anton. I too too well. Poore Lord that wont't to weare this Relique, which is now left for an Index To turne thee to thy woes. Good Shepheard Grant me thus much and bestow it on me.

Dam. Faith Sir since I perceive you long for it, you shall prevaile : and if shee were of your acquaintance, keepe it as a monument of her untimely death. So fare you well Sir.

Exeunt Shepheards.

Anton. Too timelesse death that kill'd two hearts in one !

And now *Lucilio*, where ere thou liv'st,
Here we may joyntly finish both our labours,
Since here lies bury'd all thy hopes and feares.
Too vertuous maid *Althea* ! could the earth
Yeeld thee no better place to enshrine thee in ?
Yet can its basenesse never dimme thy name,
That shall be sung into posterity
By a whole race of Virgins, and thy Fame
Shall be a Tombe more durable to thee
Then Brasse or Marble. So farewell *Althea* !
Ile straight returne this newes to thy sad mother,
That shee may give with some solemnities
Thy unhappy death its latest *exequies*.

exit.

Enter

Enter Lucilio disguised like a Countrey man.

Lucil. Slave to affliction, that must still pursue
The shadowes of my hopes, clasping the windes
To feed the hunger of my discontent,
And set aloft by greatnesse, stand expos'd
To every clap of Fortunes thundering,
Still banish'd from the sight of sweet content
That sits below me. Had my birth but bin
As free from height as from ambition :
I might have slept under a silent roose,
And eate securely of a Countrey Feast,
Bound to no Ceremonious pathes of State,
Nor forc'd to torture mine affections,
Or chaine them till they sterue to some deform'd
Remedy of love, and change our lives content
For a bare title, that forsooth must come
To edge a line of words, and make our names swell
To fill th'ambitious thirst of greedy age——
How easily could I forget my selfe
By looking still upon thee, honest habit !
And could I finde her, whom the tyrannie
Of love hath made mee seeke, I would not tread
So many weary steps back for a Dukedome. *exit.*

Enter Page disguised as before, and Master Frailware.

Page. Now Master Constable, how like you this project? Doe I not draw all things to the life?

Frail. Excellent Boy ! for a searching braine thou mightst have made a Head-borrough.

Page. What an ambidextrous shaver have I got to doe the feate?

Fra. Can he draw teeth I wonder?

Page. I, who doubts it? 'tis the semi-sphere of his Profession : why doe you aske?

Frail. because I would have this hatefull Stoiks two rowes of teeth drawne, for trespassing at my Table.

Page.

Page. You'll save nothing by that, for the want of teeth will make him come the oftner to your wifes White-broth, her Marrow, and Eringoes, who will likewise cram him up with Potatoes, Oysters, metamorphis'd Mushromes, and such like self-swallowing provocatives, that will runne down his throate as glibbie, as your pils of Butter, and make as much haste into his Belly, as they will make out againe into hers.

Frail. How thou doest charge my head with scruples!

Page. No; the way to destroy all fundamentall reference betweene him and your wife hereafter, and to spoyle him for ever giving fresh sappe unto your hornes, let his offensive member be now lopt off, before the Sunne enters the Ramme.

Frail. And what then Boy?

Page. Why when we have reduc'd him to this impotent state, we will straight divest him, and trusse him up naked in a Wheelbarrow, and send him home in the posture of an innocent, with his hands cleaving to the outsides of his knees, and his nose betweene his two Thumbes.

Fra. Content; and wee'll goe pawne his clothes the while, and be drunke with the money.

Page. Stay, this is a little too Tragicall, now I thinke on't: wee'll spare his wifes night-peece for her sake, till the next conjunction —————

Damasippus cries out within.

Harke--- our Checker man has him by the Poll already: now Master Constable stand close to your revenge, dissemble a feare a while, wee shall be summon'd straight.

They step aside.

*Enter one disguised like a Devill Barber pulling forth
Damasippus by the Beard.*

Bar. Come out you unpoll'd Steick, 'tis time you had the cure of my Razer.

Dam. Good sir, I need it not.

Bar. I'll force it on you sir: as I am *Pluto's* Barber in Ordinary I will trimme you, come, I long to doe it, therefore sit downe, and make your Beard ready for dissection--- wee must have help I see; Constable come hither, come I say, and feare not, but doe your

I

Office,

Office, force him to sit, if your Authoritie bee strong enough : you trembling slave come helpe.

Page. I come, I come sir.

Frail. Damasippus I command you to sit in the devils name.

They set him in a Chaire.

Bar. So, hold him there. Now *Damasippus* before my mortall Razer seize your morall Beard, what can you say to save it ?

Dam. Oh sir, it is an Ornament and speciall gravity belonging to our Sect.

Barb. Impossible that haire should argue wit; I rather thinke it does ecclipse a good disputative face, and makes you look more like a Travelling Greeke, then an Italian Stoick.

Dam. Yet for Antiquitie-sake spare me these hairees that never yet were cut.

Barb. Now ! *Nunquam tondenti Barba cadebat ?*

Damas. Never since 'twas a Beard sir, it is yet tipt with the Downe, the reliques of my youth, and in a primitive state.

Barb. Why then sir the antiquitie of this your primitive Beard shewes you to have beene a ranke enemy to our Profession.

Dam. Why sir, I kept it for that end that Nature gave it, as a garment to cloathe the face of age in winter.

Bar. Yet know *Damasippus*, tho it keep your face lukewarme, then; it breeds a frost in your Liver, devours the radicall humour of your body, and endangers you to a Consumption : But in Summer, especially the Dog-dayes, such a Dung-mix of haire, and vast foregrowne Beard as this, were enough to keepe your Chin sweating, nine dayes together, and turne every haire of these to snakes.

Page. Most devillishly argu'd.

Barb. Now *Saturne, Vertumnus*, and the god of Sheep-sheare guide my hand. ————— *He cuts off his Beard.*

Dam. Oh, oh ---- *Barb.* Hold, I have almost done.

Page. Shave him close. *Fra.* And wash him too in Lethe-water, that he may forget his way to my house.

Barb. So, let him rise.

Frail. Why this was quickly done.

Page. And valiantly suffer'd.

Barb. Now *Damasippus*, in hope that you'll heereafter bee a reform'd

reform'd man, He bee no more a Devill.

Page. Nor Fidler I.

Fra. Would I could cast my head too.

Dam. O you damn'd Villaines ! have you betraid mee thus to
Thame and horreur !

Bar. Be not angry *Damasippus* : now the *Antependium* of your
face is off, you have a more *Sibiline* aspect a great deale.

Page. True, hee lookes now just like a Goose return'd out of
an inchaunted hole without her feathers.

Dam. Iust *Nemesis* inspire me with revenge
That these unlectur'd miscreants may drinke
Of the like Cup.

Frailw. Wee have already *Damasippus*, our wives have man-
gled it.

Page. And you have both tasted of the horne of abundance—

Bar. That your heads may be exalted like a brace of Bucks —

Frail. According to moralitie vertuous *Damasippus*.

exunt.

*Enter Lady Iulia weeping, and Assassino : shee brings
the Scarfe Antonio carried out.*

Iul. Thou art dearly welcome good *Assassino* :
Now cease to wonder why I sent for thee ;
I had a daughter once, *Assassino*,
A comfort to mine age, life to my veines,
A living Image of her fathers vertues,
Faire, modest, and which is halfe monstrous
In these polluted times, inwardly chaste :
I doe remember such a one I had.

Ass. And have still Madam, for rumour sayes she lives ;

Iul. No, no, poore Girle, rumour has oft bely'd her.
Seest thou this Scarfe ?

Assas. I Madam, what of that ?

Iul. And doe'st not see the letters writ in blood,
That tell me she is dead, mured, and on
The Mountaines bury'd in obscure contempt ?

Assas. Madam not I,

Iul. Why no, I thought as much.
But looke *Assassino*, if thou hadst felt

The gripes of woe that have through pierc'd my soule;
 Seene an appalling sight would make thee tremble,
 Or through the spectacles of love didst view
 A losse as deare as heaven, thou wouldst discern
 These bloody Characters, and meet her pale Ghost
 In every slumber, begging with silent shewes
 And deep fetch'd groanes a mothers slow revenge.

Assas. Good Madam, I am sorry for it —

Jul. Then to recount the wrongs, the infamy
 Heapt on her youth, when by most trecherous plots
 Shee was attaint of murder, and became
 The marke for every vulgar tongue to spit
 Slander and treason on her faire report;
 And last her undeserv'd imprisonment —

Assas. By heavens 'twas a foule abuse; what wer't best to doe —

Jul. And now to force her flie her dearest Countrey,
 Friends, hopes, contents, twixt opposite love and hate,
 To live in obscure exile, poore, forlorne,
 Suspitious still of death, and flying that,
 To wade each houre deep into misery,
 To meet another death before her, and sinke
 Vnder the double hand of murder, not
 Into a Tombe, but a poore Mountaine grave,
 No rites nor obsequies at her interment,
 Buried without a teare, unpitied, unrespected.

Assas. Fore Heaven Madam I would revenge it.

Jul. My soule *Assassino* labours for revenge;
 Yet I'm a woman, and can sprinkle them
 But with a few salt teares, and curse, and pray,
 Which is a weake foundation for my revenge
 To climbe and over-looke them.

Assa. You have friends : call in the enemie, & mutine.

Jul. That's full of hazzard, for a peace being sworne,
 The enterprize may make them happier,
 Vs still more miserable : But if my grieve
 Were arm'd with such a hand, as would o'rturne
 The frame of all those hopes for which they sweate,
 And spurne that in the dust, which they would raise
 With hatefull deeds, up to the point of state :

That I might see them grieve, and waile the losse
Which now afflicts my carefull widdowhood,
Know what it were to lose a childe, sole comfort
Of their declining yeares, and send their a-
Ged Coarſes to the grave, hopeleſſe of iſſue.

Aſſaſ. To make away the Prince; 'tis that you meane;

Iul. Thou art within me already ?

And mark *Aſſaſino* how eaſie 'tis,
Since time, occaſion, travaile, and his ſolenefſe,
Thy ſelfe not knowne, gives advantagious meanes
To ſecond thine attempt : doe but reſolve
And Fate will ſtraight reſolve to ſecond thee
In ſuch a righteous and juſt revenge.

Aſſaſ. Madam the enterpriſe is dangerous,
And though I have a daring ſpirit that bids
Mee undertake the deep'ſt attempts of blood
For your revenge, and in ſo juſt a quarrell,
Yet muſt you thinke the danger I ſhall paſſe
Cannot but highly merit recompence.

Iul. Vow't; & propoſe the ſumme; my Houſe, my Purſe,
My Meanes, and whatſoe'r is mine is thine :
Be bold and faithfull, Ile ever hold thee deare,
Call thee our Houſes Champion, and the hand
Of heaven's juſtice mark'd to puniſh ſinne,
And plague the guilty thoughts of tyranny.

Aſſ. But Madam the report of his paſſage is ſo obſcure,
That I can hardly learne which way hee tooke.

Iul. I have dogg'd the rumour of his journey, and can
Exactly informe thee, come take directions,
And gold to furniſh thee.

Aſſaſ. Then I reſolv't;
And he ſhall die.

Iul. Now thou doſt powre freſh youth
Vpon my haires, newly reviv'ſt my ſoule,
Put'ſt ſpirits to my heart dry'd up with ſighes,
And mak'ſt freſh blood traVERSE my empty veines,
For the ſweet'ſt heaven the ſpleenes of women finde
Is full revenge to our aggrieved minde.

Exeunt.

13.

Enter

Enter Alastor solus, in rich apparell, disguised for the Prince.

Alast. It's strange I heare not from the Prince, nor *Antonio*, who promis'd to meet mee here, where I have now stay'd three dayes in expectance, and had the winde bin faire, must have pass'd for Greece ——— 'Fore Heaven it's a gallant thing to be a Lord, if but in name, you shall be so applauded in every vanitie, scurrill jest, and impious action: A Satten *Thersites* that stalks among the Pefants like the Stork that *Jupiter* sent among the frogs, will so bend and bow to your little Toe, fawne and protest your excellencies; *Si benervitavit* --- *Sirectum minxit* ——— I would I had the faith that some have, I would never be unlorded againe. 'Fore Heaven I must begin to fawne, and get my selfe created: This service done for the Prince is a good step to it.

Enter a Captaine of a Ship.

Now Captaine, the winde's unconstant still, every where save where to steed us.

Cap. Womanish my Lord, womanish.

Alast. Indeed their levity has gotten them now that *Simile* appropriated.

Cap. But they shew'd other Cards before they wonne it, too.

Alast. Nay, that's enough i' faith.

Cap. Yet they had more.

Alast. As what!

Cap. Why their tongues, which fill houses, as the bustling of Windes doe Climates: they overturne Families, and States, as winds doe Trees, Towres, Ships. And for your diversitie of winds you have your diversitie of women: for your whirlwindes that claspe and carry a thing in the ayre, till it fall dasht to peeces; you have of your Females that will claspe and beare you, till at your next fall you will thinke one peece will scarce hang by another. For your freezing windes, you have them that will breed such a frost in your bones, that change of weather will make 'hem as rotten as the ground after a sudden thaw: And for your blitting and burning windes, you have of them too, that will blast and scorch
most

most ambidextrously. Onely the difference is, that there bee but sixteene points in the Card, where the winde can be unprofitable to a man : but a woman has for the most part, the whole compasse of her Card unprofitable, which containes two and thirty points at least.

Alast. Then the Grāmarians methinkes did ill to make *Ventus* of the Masculine Gender.

Cap. The Grāmarians my Lord were meere Schollers, & meere Schollers be meere fooles, and meere fooles are easily deceiv'd in matter of Gendring.

Alast. Impossible sir, they couple Genders by Booke.

Capt. Right my Lord : so they all study *Riders* Dictionary, and therefore become excellent Horsemen,

Enter Navarchus a Master of a Ship.

Navar. Newes from Court to your Grace; a stiffe robustious Letter-Carrier makes much inquiry where he may be delivered of some matters he has beene in travaile withall.

Alast. Cozenage and dissimulation help me, it's impossible to scape discovering. D'sfoote I must walke stately, looke scornfully, talke simply, and be Noble at all points now. But it fals out something fortunately to be in the Evening : let him have entrance.

Enter Assassino disguised.

Assas. Health to your Grace.

Alast. As much to them that bring it: how fare our friends at Court ?

Assa. As wanting no part of welfare but your wish'd presence.

Alast. Have you ought to impart that concerns us ?

Assas. I have my Lord, and must have private conference with your Grace.

Alast. Attend us then on the Litto, where Ile presently meete you, and take this soft Evening breath.

Assas. Heaven, Ayre, Place, Time, and all will fit thy death.

Exit Assas.

Alast. By *Love* methinks I begin to be my Craftes-Master and Lord it handsomely. If it were as easie for a Villaine to be a Lord, as a Lord to be a villaine, I would write noble instantly : get mee a Herald for seven shillings, or a frowne to forswear himselve, and draw my Pedigree as deep as *Romulus*. Captaine, as the wind serves, either on the Litto, or at my Lodging.

exit.

Capt.

Capt. Wee will attend your Grace.

Nav. 'Tis strange that such a personage should thus obscurely travell.

Capt. Tush *Navarchus*, our common-wealth is among fishes, and our pollicie with the windes, and therefore no marvell if Courtiers tricks favour not on our palats.

Navar. Yet fearing disgrace above damnation, and loving a popular esteeme more then heaven; methinkes obscuritie should fright 'hem.

Capt. Faith no; for you shall have a Courtier of the first Velvet head, when the tide runnes low, and in a place unknowne, will familiarly turne you to his old trade, accoutre his palfrey most neatly, and thanke obscurity for drowning the unfit honour hee had lately slipt on and off.

Navar. 'Tis a disease indeed they have, to feele no touch of future honour, nor taste any thing more than what lies before 'hem.

Capt. Tut, they be wise in that, for their conception being precipitate, and their births rash, they knew their glories birth would bee like the flies I have seene by a River in *Agypt*, that begin to live in the morning, are at full age by noone, and die before Sunne set: and therefore their honour feeds like mothes upon apparell, and objects meerly present---flashes---flashes.

Navar. But such an imputation cannot staine his honor, whose graine taken in the die of a Dukes blood, stands immaculate spight of all fortunes.

Capt. 'Tis true, and therefore peradventure parsimony invites him to this obscuritie, for Ile assure you, that to be miserable, and not fight, are growne to be two right honourable qualities,---

Enter a Shipman.

Shipm. Captaine, you stand talking here of a Cock and a Bull, while our rich fare is gone another way.

Capt. Who? my Lord the Prince?

Shipm. I your Lord the Prince.

Navar. Which way, for profits sake?

Shipm. That way that many Lords doe for profits sake: downwards, downwards.

Cap. Prethee speake not in *enigmas*; be understood.

Shipm.

Shipm. In plaine Dagger termes the Prince is slaine.

Navar. D'foot 'tis sharp newes. *Capt.* By whom?

Shipm. Why, that swart Rutter that brought the message from Court, delivered it in such keene termes, that it went to his heart: & when he had done, tumbled him off the Litto into the water to catch Whitings. But two Merchants spying it, rais'd the people and tooke him, and now the Governour is gone a fishing after the Body.

Cap. This amazes mee, done so suddenly.

Shipm. Death's a quick Carver when he comes in that shape.

Navar. Who set him on sayes he?

Shipm. Some valiant Squire or other, who is yet unknowne, nor will the Governour urge the knowledge, but sends him back to Court, that the Duke may take notice of all.

Cap. Come, lets to the Litto, and set our helps to find the Body.

Both. Content.

Exeunt

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter the Duke and a Messinger.

Duke.

But have you found the body?

Mess. Wee have my Lord

With long laborious search, it was three Tydes
Lockt in the armes of *Neptune*, who at length
Enforc'd by maine constraint resign'd it up,
But all the face so mangled and deform'd,
That but his clothes, nought could have made it known;
The which embalm'd we straight clos'd up in Lead,
And with the murderer brought it to your Grace,
That after his due exequies perform'd,
You might quench sorrow in revenge, and draw
His blood, whose hand hath spilt best part of yours.

Duke. Thou art deceiv'd, good friend, 'twas not his hand,
But the just hand of Heaven that whips my sinnes,
And through my Veins powres out the innocent blood
Which I had spilt before; the hand that holds
The equall Ballance to discerne the waight
'Twixt Princes justice and their tyrannie,

Measures their blessings and their plagues, alike,
 To their faire vertues or black infamies,
 And makes the horrid acts of murderous mindes
 But instruments of plague to punish guilt;
 And pay us in the coyne with which we hop'd
 To buy our gluttonous surfets. Such is the state
 Of Princes priviledge, that we may runne
 Into the depth of sinne, and uncontroul'd
 Pull vengeance on our heads, while the smooth hand
 Of pestilent flattery claps us on the back,
 And gives us edge to villany, till they see
 Misery and desolation close us round;
 Then they flie back, and gaze, as on a place
 Stricken with furious thunder in a storme:
 When every vulgar hand has lawes, and feare
 Of prying authority to hold him backe,
 And friendly enemies to upbraid him with
 His faults, and keepe him in the bounds of mercy,
 Onely our height bereaves us of these helps,
 And wee are sooth'd in vices, till we runne
 Beyond the reach of grace, and stand within
 The shot of heaviest vengeance, which seldome comes
 Short of our merits---O my sonne! my sonne!
 I shall grow madd with griefe: my frighted conscience
 Opens the Booke, where I doe view my sinnes,
 And feele the furies with their wounding whips
 Lashing my guilty soule to penitence.

Mess. I was unhappy
 To bee the messenger of this ill newes. *exennt.*

*Enter Lucilio disguised as before, meeting at the other
 doore Fioretta, her haire downe, strewing the way
 with greene hearbs and flowers.*

Luci. Who's this? *Fioretta* the Lady *Iulia's* woman?
 My heart! what meanes her habit?

Fioretta

Fioretta sings this following to some mournfull tune.

*Come Lovers bring your cares,
Bring sigh-perfumed sweets,
Bedew the grave with teares,
Where death and vertue meets :
Sigh for the haplesse boure
That knit two hearts in one,
And onely gave love power
To die when'twas begun.*

Lucil. Saving your mirth faire Lady, what preparation's this ?

Fior. a Bridall sir; true love and greatnesse he divorc'd, and now they bee both going to be married to misfortune.

Lucil. 'Twas a marriage long since, my selfe was at the wedding: But be a little plainer, & tell me who it is to be married?

Fior. Indeed Sir, Beauty, Vertue, and too much faith for a woman, are going to the cold armes of a fullen Churle, one that consumes ere hee lets goe : yet hee is better than your other husbands are; he forsakes them not, leaves them not in misery, hee wooes them not with flatteries, and poysons with unkindnesse : hee never sweares, and lies, but continues faithfull till Doomes-day. Who be you ?

Lucil. A stranger in your City, a poore Husbandman.

Fior. A poore Husband ? then thou art a poore dissembler, a poore murderer: O you husbands kill more than scurvie Physicians, or a plaguy Summer. But art a stranger ?

Lucil. A very stranger here.

Fior. Why that's all one, thou canst not bee a stranger to her fame, if thou hast liv'd but a moneth in the world. Poor innocent *Althea* makes her last mariage, and I am one of her Bridemaids.

Lucil. To whom for loves sake ?

Fior. To her grave for love's sake, an honest Husband: tis better then the Dukes sonne, that sent her from the City, to dye in the Mountaines ? Ah 'twas unkindly done, not to goe nor send after her ! yet poore Lord hee is kill'd, dead too now, and has met her Hearse here——

So those two soules that ne'r were borne to have

A Nuptiall Bed, have found a Nuptiall Grave.

*Beauty and Vertue strove
Who should adorne her most,
Till faith conspir'd with love,
And all their labours crost.*

*Lucil. Antonio kill'd ! Althea buried !
Then thou hast liv'd Lucilio to behold
The height of mischiefe, and the worst of chance,
And thou maist dare thy angry Starres to inflict
What ere they can effect, that's worse than this.
Murderd thy friends ! ruin'd their ancient names !
Hatefull to thy Parents, lothsome to thy selfe !
O 'tis high time to die, and I doe wrong
Althea's constancy to breath an houre
After I know she has prevented me.
Methinkes I heare love chide my backwardnesse,
And tell me how unworthy I am growne,
To have two friends so firmly vertuous,
Constant and loyall, and outlive them both,
Yea be their Murderer, and stand alive
Spectator at their funerall, as I would bid
The rest weep on, whil'st I give ayme to teares,
And marke who grieves most deep at my foule actions.*

Lucilio stands aside.

Enter at one doore the Coarse of the Dukes supposed Sonne, borne by Mourners, and following it the Duke and Duchesse, with others, in mourning robes. At the other doore, the Hearse for Althea, with the Scarfe which Antonio brought from the Shepherds, laid a crosse it, and borne by foure maides in blacke, with their haire dishevel'd, and Garlands of dead Mirtle, or other leaves, on their heads, her Mother with some Mourners following. Torches before both, and meeting they stay.

*Duke. So then, let Fortune make a period here,
Since we are met just in the midst of woe,
And stand upon the Center of mishap,*

Whence

Whence we may see the full circumference
Of all that Sphere, that bounds the power of Fate.
Come Madam we will mixe our teares a while,
Dropping them joyntly on the Marble Tombes
Of our dead Issue, till the stones receive
Large Characters of griefe, carv'd by the drops
That ceaselesse flow from our too late laments.

Iul. Great Lord, if woes with woes may be compar'd,
Or to the measure of our cause of griefe
Wee might in sad contention drop our teares,
Shower for your drop, Pound for your dramme of woe
My brest and eyes would yeeld, which now are growne
A boundlesse harbour for the depth of care.
For though wee meet in this, that both have lost
The dearest treasures of desired life,
Yet hath your Grace a partner in distresse
A comfort to the residue of your yeares,
And therefore hope that Heaven may yet restore
This ruine of your House. Besides you have
The body of your sonne, on whose dead Coarse
You may bestow your teares, and honour him
With fitting place and Royall *exequies* :
When Heaven hath shut those comforts from my heart,
Left me a widow to sustaine the waight
Of all this burden, and no partner else
To bring mine aged haire unto the grave
But still repining griefe : and am deny'd
The ashes of my childe, on whose cold Hearse
Mine eyes might pay those tributary teares
Which her misfortune, and my woes exact,
And onely can embrace an empty shrine.
Yet my good Lord, I oft forget my cares
To grieve at yours, and wish *Althea's* death
Might have suffic'd the anger of the Fates,
Without *Lucilio's* blood, whose guiltlesse fall
Hath strook a sadnesse through th'appalled lookes
Of all your subjects, made them stand amaz'd,
And wonder there should live upon the earth
Envy enough to blast such gracefull hopes.

Duke. Let me be open Madam to your love,
'Tis but the doome of Iustice I sustaine;
I know I wrong'd your daughters innocence,
And onely know it now, for plagues make knowne
That, oft, for sinne, which once we thought was none..

Iul. No my good Lord, shee was not innocent,
In that she bounded not her loosest thoughts
Within our element but would admit
The dangerous fires, of ambitious love
Into her Virgin brest, that's safelyest knit
Where all proportion justly equals it.

Duch. Wrong not her worth good Madam, the power of death
Is weake to staine her name, and we were blest
If such perfection, joyn'd unto our Blood,
Had with our sonne succeeded in the Throne
Of this unhappy and dejected State..

Beleeve me Madam I did ever love
Althea's Vertues, and was inly glad
When by that Stratagem my son had freed
Her innocence (as I protest I thought)
And wish'd her scape as safe from that injustice
As could my heart desire.

Iul. Alas good Madam, I have felt your Grace
Still loving to my daughters poore deserts,
And nothing did increase my sorrowes more
Then that I wanted meanes how to requite
Your Graces love.

Duke. Come, we forget our selves in Ceremonies,
And waste the time, whose every instant yeelds
Scarce space enough for that large taske of griefe
Sorrow exacts each instant from our hearts,
Good Madam. wee will consecrate one Tombe
To both their Memories; and since in life
Their hearts were so united by Loves hand,
In death their Graves shall joyne: so will our selves
Bequeath the remnant of our dayes from hence,
You to sad cares, and we to penitence.

*Exeunt the Torch-Bearers and both Coarces joyning;
the Duke, Duchesse, L. Iulia, &c. following.*

Lucilla

Lucil. You to sad cares, and wee to poenitence---
 Why then you'll feed upon the bitter fruits
 Of your ambition, and by experience finde,
 Vertue, not Honour is heaven unto the minde.
 Deare father, I conceive your grieffe, as true
 As is my love, and feele methinkes a sting,
 That spurs me onward to prevent the plagues
 My losse will bring upon your hoary age,
 And makes me thinke I heare the frequent voyce
 Of potent Nature whisper to mine eare
 The duty that I owe, and bids me meet
 Those mischiefes quickly, by discovering mee:
 But the perswasion's weake when I must owe
 More then a duty, or all Natures selfe
 To the chaste merits of *Althea's* love,
 Who was the first I murdred; then the name
 Of holy frendship, which my request abus'd
 In lov'd *Antonio*, whom I murdred next:
 My debt's above a life, which though I give,
 My ghost must be a slave to pay the rest,
 And their deserts stand yet unsatisfy'd.
 But ô yee Spirits of truth! whose constant faiths
 Merit perhaps to heare these last laments
 My dying soule powres forth; be pleas'd to take
 The poore oblation of a loathsome life,
 Which I as gladly vow unto your loves,
 As misery would turne it selfe to blisse.
 And since I was a murderer to your worths,
 Ile chuse that death that murderers doe passe;
 And thou hadst liv'd *Antonio*, if thy love
 Had not before with-held me from the fall,
 And saving onely me hath murdred all.

exit.

Enter Antonio and Lady Iulia.

Anton. Madam,
 My love to you and to that vertuous Lord
 Could doe no lesse: I doe assure your Ladiship
 The murderer has confess'd, in hope of life,
 The circumstances, meanes, and opportunity
 Which you so fitly urg'd, and hath incens'd

The Duke so violently against your selfe,
 That he has vow'd your death, & doth intend
 A sharp revenge to all your family.
 And but I know *Lucilio* yet docs live,
 Beleeve me Madam I should hate the fact,
 And be the first should feed my thirsty eyes
 With their best blood, that spilt least part of his.

Iul. Alas *Antonio*, what would you have me doe,
 When I beheld my daughter murdered thus
 'Twixt love and hate, and I no meanes of help
 To take revenge, or comfort to my griefe?

Anto. Well Madam let's not stand to expostulate
 The cause; the act was foule, and (but the hand
 Of Heaven turn'd it from him 'gainst whō you meant it)
 Hatefull, and worthy of the deep'st revenge.
 Your way is now to shun the furious wrath.
 The Duke's enflamed with, and for a while
 Lie close in some disguise, till the lost Prince
 Make his returne, who doubtlesse will ere long
 Give notice to my selfe where he remaines:
 And for your farther assurance Lady, Ile take
 Some strange attire with you, and we will both
 Be present at the Execution.
 Where you shall heare perhaps the latest words
 The murderer will speake against your selfe,
 And in the presence of the Duke avouch
 Your guiltinesse.

Iul. Thankes good *Antonio*, There the gift is free,
 When 'tis bestow'd on deepest miserie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Althea in her Shepherdesses apparell over her
 owne, which she putting off layes aside.*

Alth. Lie there thou gentle weed, that hast prolong'd
 A weary life, thou whose dissembling shape
 Has help'd me reach the place which drew that life
 As an attractive Load-stone to it's end.
 Some friendly Passinger will for this reward
 Bestow perhaps a buriall on my Coarse;
 And be my death as freely exempt from sight.

As is my griefe, that never innocent eyes
May bee infected with those fumes of guilt
My latest gaspe breathes forth, reserv'd till now
To bee unfortunate in all save this,
That I shall sacrifice my dearest blood
Vpon that Altar where *Lucilio* dyed,
And let one aire receive our joyned spirits
And sacrifices to *Faiths* Deitie.

She goes up the Rocke quickly, and standing ready.
And witnesse now you zealous thoughts of love,
Witnesse the vowes my affection held so deare,
Enter Lucilio in his owne habit, and walkes a turne.
My soule comes unconstrain'd to you deare Lord,
And parts as freely from a glad some heart,
As ere it wish'd to enjoy the lively sight
Of your desired presence---

She spies him as below.
— Awake my fancy, doe mine eyes conspire
To aggravate my griefe, or does the strong
Imagination of my losse present the shape
Of his dead person to my troubled sense?

Lucil. What strange confused passions 'gin to raise
A stormy combate 'twixt my minde and death!
Though safely now arriv'd within the Port
Where for exchange of breath I shall regaine
The long desired presence of her soule
That hovers in expectation of my comming.

Alth. Methinkes I sleep, that, thus illusive shoves
Doe mock my apprehension : or is't decreed
That even in death I must indure affliction?
And die in height of woe? How like his pace,
His gesture, shape, and countenance! true constant spirit!
(That wouldst not be unlesse thou mightst be true)
Did not my greedy sight distract my thoughts
To feed upon thy shadow, and make me forget
My businesse next in hand : I should have flowne
To be a shadow, and have walk'd with dead

Lucilio--- (*As hearing somewhere the voyce of his name.*)

Lucil. *Lucilio!* was it my fond conceit? or else (my selfe
Standing betwixt the bounds of life and death)

Her ghost, that lookes each minute for ~~thy~~ approach,
 Thinkes my stay long, and calls upon my name?
 I come *Althea*, swift as breake the windes
 From out the *Eolian Caves*, give mee but space
 To take my flight from off that ———

He lookes up to the Rocke, and seeing her stand a while amaz'd.
 Bright Angell! Goddesse! whatsoe'r thou art
 That hast assum'd that shape to adorne thy state,
 And give a better lustre to thy Deity;
 Doe not delude my woes, nor make my death
 More miserable then my selfe have done.

Alth. It does invite me speak, and with his silent looks
 Seemes to intreat a word, yet my faint heart
 Throbbing with feare, denies to second speech.

Lucil. Be what thou wilt; I know no spirit of night
 Durst to attempt that forme, that ne'r was made
 But to invest a soule more faire and pure
 Then are the Spheres. Ghost! Angel! Goddesse! Nymph!
 Speake, daine a word to tell me what thou art,
 That thus appearst in such a glorious shape
 To intercept my death? Art thou an Angel
 That thus wouldst shew the world what they have lost
 By seeing her heavenly forme? Or art thou else
 Some spirit of Diviner excellence
 That hast put on that shadow, thine owne nature
 To beautifie? Or does *Althea's* ghost
 Come thus to meet and chide my slothfulnesse?
 Or has thy worth chaste Nymph, deserv'd to scape
 The hand of death, and made thy perfect selfe
 All soule, immortall, and an unmixt spirit,
 That those rich vertues which great nature heapt
 In thy creation, might by envious death
 Ne'r be dissolv'd, nor the cold senselesse earth
 Embrace and taint thy pure delicious beauty,
 For which the Starres grew envious to the world?
 What ere thou art, if thou hast sense of griefe
 But correspondent to the shape thou bear'st,
 Add not more torment to the depth of woe
 That does accompany my death, and urge

No more the sight and memory of her
Whom I have wrong'd; envy has left me nought
But life to yeeld in satisfaction,
Which here I come to tender as thy due :
Or if thou doubtst the payment, and didst come
To take a view how willingly I dyed;
Then be my witnesse that the chased Stagge
Flies not more swiftly to the cooling streames
Then I to death ———

*He runnes up to the Roche, where both
meeting, shew passions of feare.*

Alth. Stay.

Lucil. Speake.

Alth. O stay deare love!

Lucil. Speake, speake thou heavenly spirit,
And tell me since thy selfe art made Divine,
What makes thee come in confines of the wretched,
And mixe thy selfe with us whose earthly loades
Detaine us yet in life and misery?

Alth. Why, I doe live.

Lucil. I know thou dost, thou wert not fram'd to die,
Nor at thy birth, when Heaven and Nature joyn'd
To give thee those rich Dowries thou enjoy'st,
Did they intend to make such excellence
Mortall and subject to the stroke of death.
But where deficient Nature could extend
Her force no farther to preserve thy life,
Heaven would supply the want, and turne thy state
To immortality, yet why shouldst thou,
When I have seene thy Funerals perform'd,
Come to afflict me, and augment my griefe?

Alth. Sweet love, if you doe live, as feare and hope
'Twixt adverse passions make me doubtfull yet,
Know that I live as when we parted last,
Nor ere was yet interr'd.

Lucil. No, no, the earth grew feeling of her losse,
And grieving to be robb'd of such a jemme,
Refus'd to shut that treasure in her wombe
Where foule corruption must have tainted it :

Or did my fortunes yet beyond thy death
Pursue thee farther, and bereaving first
Thy innocent life, in some forsaken wood
Leave thee unburyed, and thy restless ghost
Comes now to seeke a Sepulcher of me?

Alth. Great Lord, recall your selfe, and give me leave
To speake what will resolve this doubtfull maze
In which your senses wander, and can finde
No passage out. Since I last left your Grace
Travelling in that disguise, I lost indeed
Camilla, poore Companion of my cares :
But hearing that your selfe in shape of me
Was by your Fathers doome throwne off this Rock,
Knowing my sufferance guilty of your death,
I came to end my life where you had dyed,
And expiate the murder with my blood
Where 'twas committed on your guiltlesse self,
Reserv'd by Heavens mild hand to this blest houre
Wherein our innocent loves might once more meet
In spight of envie.

Lucil. Lives my *Althea* then?

Then live *Althea* still ! But speake no more
Lest the vast Tyde of joy o'rwhelme my soule,
And kill as quick as griefe : Or my sad heart
Vnable to sustaine this burden of wonder,
Sinke and yeeld vanquish'd. I have much to aske,
But let it rest : yet tell me how thou far'st
In this long banishment ? -- stay, who comes yonder ?
Now the wind's turn'd, and fortunes lavish hand
Powres downe content past expectation.

Enter Duke and Duchesse with Officers bringing Affassino to execution, after them the L. Iulia and Antonio both disguised.

Duke. Come thou inhuman murderer of my sonne,
Traytor unto thy Countries state and safety,
And now before the stroke of Iustice seize
Thy hatefull life, resolve the wondring world
Why the slight motives of a womans words
Should winne thee to so foule and horrid crimes?

Affas.

Assas. What I have said your selfe are witnesse to,
Nor needs it be renew'd; nor can I adde
One word or syllable to make it more.

Duke. Then let the Execution proceed,
That wee may doe this latest *Exequie*
To his wrong'd ghost, which is to see his blood
Reveng'd with blood of those that mured him,
As we have vow'd to doe, and not to leave
These weeds of sorrow, till we have consum'd
The race and name of them that did conspire
In this abhorred Action: And would it might
Suffice the injuries we did his life,
Thus to revenge his too untimely death,
And from that height ———

He sees them on the Rocke, and stands amaz'd.
Am I awake, or dreame I? Is it my fancy
Breeds this delusive show in my weak braine?
Or doe their soules come to condemne our guilt,
More conscious of their death, then who we have brought
To die for it? See, doe thy dazled eyes
Perceive that object which my selfe beholds:
Or is't some shadow that abuses mee?
And none but mee?

Duch. My sonne my Lord, my sonne!
More knowne by's ghost, then if his living forme
Had met mine eyes: ô speake to him my Lord!

Duke. If thou beest such as is thy semblance,
By all that duty that thy life did owe
Vnto a Parent; by the Bands once due,
Of Love and Nature, that unites the soules
Of children and their carefull nourishers,
I doe adjure thee tell, why in this midd'le
Of day you come thus to renew our griefe?
What has there wanted to your Funerals,
When we have wept us dry, and spent our teares
More thicke than winter showers upon your Hearse?
Done all the Rites and *Exequies* were due
To your interring? And have vow'd revenge
To all that did conspire in that foule Act

Of thy too guiltlesse murder

Lucil. Know that wee are return'd

From out those Seats of Blisse where we were plac'd

By your unjust proceedings, to make knowne

That what you did was 'gainst the will of Fate.

For see, what you deny'd upon the earth,

The power of Heaven does grant, and has confirm'd

Our long-borne loves with an Eternall peace :

Where our two soules in sweetest union knit,

Enjoy their Nuptials out of Envies reach.

Yet know there are some punishments reserv'd

For the vile Treasons practis'd in pursuite

Of our unmerited wrongs; and that their sinne

Is mark'd for plagues, that seeke by force to breake

The League that Love and Faith doe joyntly knit.

Duke. Then let 'hem fall, wee are prepar'd for woes

Though shot as thick as Haile from out the Clouds,

Our guilt is greater than those punishments,

Or all our future plagues can expiate.

The Duke and Duchesse both kneele.

Yet on our bended knees thus low to earth

As we did both conspire in that foule plott

We here entreat your pardons, and withall

With the offended Heavens would bee appeas'd

With Vowes and Orisons; and would your ghosts

Forget those injuries wee did your loves

And rest in peace with us, and with the world.

Lucil. Father we will, but should we live againe,

You would not yet relent, and yeeld our loves

The sufferance you see the Heavens have done.

Duke. By Heavens I would; nor should the potent'st hand

Of earth resist your present Nuptials.

Lucil. Then wee'll be ghosts no more, but ever sue

For your mild sufferance of our happinesse.

Come downe, both kneele.

Duke. Wonder and amazement do not oppresse me !

Duch. O we are blest beyond desert !

Alth. Yet is my joy but small amidst your many,

Since you have burnt my innocent Mother,

And razd our Family.

Iul. No my deare daughter, see I safely live
Ne'r blest till now, and now o'r-joyd with blisse,

Lucil. Then joyes would be compleate had I not lost
By thy vile murderous hand so deare a friend.

Anton. Your friend still lives, and never felt his life
Sweet till this instant; when I may behold
These joyes combin'd.

Duke. Why then there nothing wants
But celebration of your Nuptials,
Which we will doe with greater signes of joy,
Then we had grieffe in your supposed Funeralls.
But whose death is this murderer guilty of?

Ant. Onely *Alastors*, a fellow as wicked as himself.

Duke. We give him then his life, but banish him
From our Dominions: and for this strange event
We willexpect a farther leisure
To heare the whole discovery of the chance,
And leave the rest to mirth, that shall command
In all our Feasts, and whom wee'll Crowne as King,
To be chiefe Lord in all our Banquetting.

Exeunt omnes.

Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori.

The

The Epilogue.

I Vdging Spectators all, for this wee know,
That either you are such, or should be so,
New to your censures lowly as his minde
Our Authour all submits, and hopes to finde
In such a faire assembly no such eyes
As scout at Theaters, and come like flies
To taint the innocent labours with their tongues,
Raising their richest gaines from others wrongs:
If such an envious Canker hap to lurke
Here, and hath onely fate to taxe the worke
With curious scanning, let that envy know
He scornes his censure onely, and can show
Gainst all such labour'd hisses, *Perses* Shield,
In such a feartesse Pen as ne'r shall yeeld,
Till his cold merits doe his worth bewray,
Or make himsele a mewling Starua.
Nor is he of those self-admiring Apes
That thinke none's features faire, whose birth escapes
Their labouring braines; hee heares and sees, and knowes
And yeelds all reverence to the worth of those
VVhom solid Art extols, and unto such
Hee humbly vailes his Scene, that for the touch
Of unaffecting censures hither came,
Hee sought your mirth more than a Poets name.

F I N I S





